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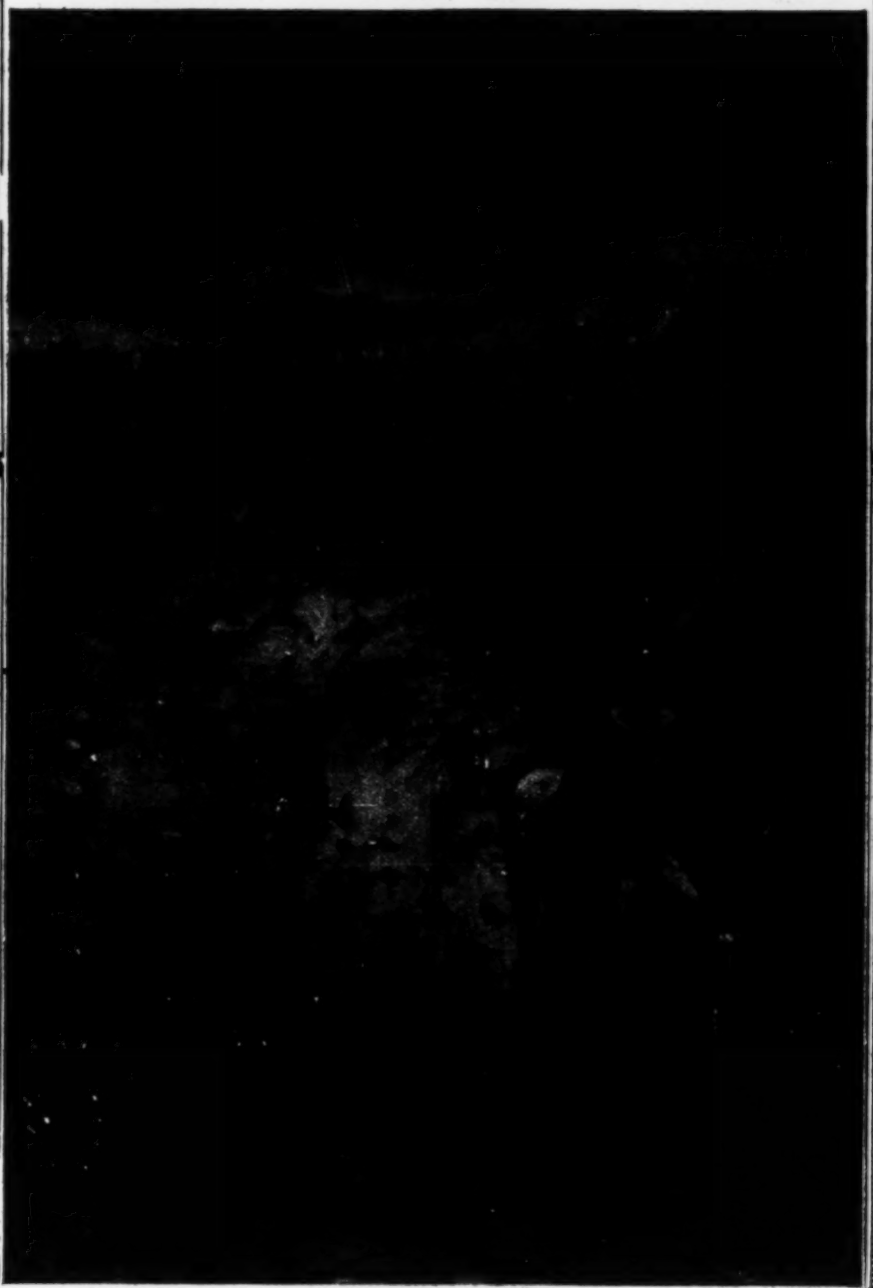

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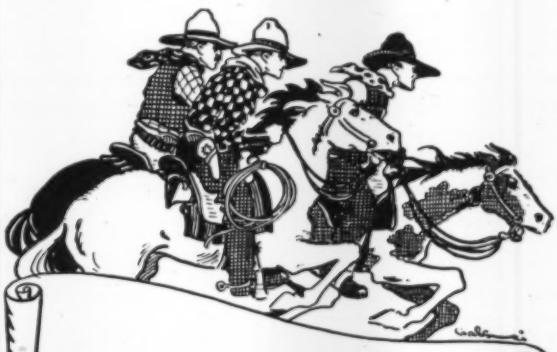

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret that owing to the large number of MSS. that have had to be considered the judges in our First Novel Prize Competition have not been able to make their award in time for us to publish the result in this Number, but their task is now about completed, and their award will be announced in the May Bookman.

Messrs. Dent are publishing this month, "Torchlight: Revolution," the first of a series of Napoleonic novels by the Baroness Aminoff—a vivid, human story with the French Revolution as a background.

Many well-known authors, artists and critics were present last month at the complimentary dinner to Mr. Arthur Page, of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who are now associated with Mr. Sydney S. Pawling in the business of Messrs. Heinemann. The guests included Sir Hall Caine, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Arthur Rackham, Mr. W. Nicholson, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. J. O. P. Bland, Mr. Walkley, Mr. Lovat Fraser, Dr. T. E. Page, Mr. Robert Donald, etc. The speeches were limited to three. Sir Hall Caine was very pleasantly reminiscent in proposing the guest of honour, and nothing could have been more charming than Mr. Arthur Page's serious-humorous, quietly whimsical response. Mr. Pawling, an excellent Chairman, followed in a delightfully genial and informal vein, and seemed on the whole to agree with Mr. Page that, though at the moment most things were more or less out of gear, the book trade was not in for such a bad time as some people expected.

The new William De Morgan novel, "An Old Man's Youth" (9s.; Heinemann), is as long and whimsically characteristic a story as any he has written. The lonely old Eustace John Pascoe recalls the history of his past, and the atmosphere of the Victorian fifties is reproduced as vividly and

with as matter-of-fact an effect of truthfulness as in "Joseph Vance." All De Morgan lovers—and they are numerous here and in America—will be glad to know that "The Life of William De Morgan" is being written by his sister, Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, and will be published this autumn by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Under the title of "Myself," Mr. Thornton Butterworth is shortly publishing the reminiscences of Lady Tree. He has also in the press, "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East," by A. MacCallum Scott, M.P.

Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, the gifted son of the much beloved preacher and *littérateur*, the Rev. George Eayrs, who is known to many of our readers as the author of "Letters to John Wesley" and many other important works, has been appointed President of the Macmillan Company of Canada. Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs went to Canada nine years ago, and was interested in newspaper and magazine work for some time. In 1916 he collaborated with T. B. Costain in the successful novel entitled "The Amateur Diplomat," published by Hodder & Stoughton. In 1917 the Macmillans in Canada published his biographical study of "Sir Isaac Brook," one of Canada's great military heroes. The proudest thing Mr. Eayrs has to say of himself is that he is a son of his father, and his father's many friends will wish him every success in his new and distinguished position.

Mr. Michael T. H. Sadleir,

whose brilliant novel, "Privilege" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, who have just published John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," are publishing shortly "The Death of Orpheus," by Laurence Housman. They also announce "Madam," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

A delightful little comedy that amateur players would find easy to produce in schoolrooms or small halls is "The Kettle is Singing," by Mrs. Hildyard (1s.; Norwich: Morris Printing Co.). Under another name Mrs. Hildyard has proved herself a successful novelist, and doubtless it is the practice she has had in that direction that has enabled her to get so much life and crispness into her characters and dialogue and handle a slight theme so deftly.

"Westminster Abbey: Its Memories and Its Message," by Mary Sturgeon, which Messrs. Harrap are publishing, is an account of the Abbey from the point of view of its connection with English life. The book has an etched frontispiece and fifteen drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A.

Mr. Denis S. Wright says very modestly in an Introduction to his "Musical Composition" (1s. 6d.; Perry & Gill), that he has aimed at nothing more than helping to guide the amateur composer in the way of writing music which may stand a chance of success on its merits, be it at the hands of a publisher, or only at a local concert. He has fulfilled his purpose most admirably, and amateur composers, and even some who are not amateurs, will find his very practical suggestions and advice of real service. They are just the little matter-of-fact hints and information that the beginner especially needs, and there are two pages of "Dont's" at the end which may be learned and inwardly digested with profit.

We are promised some sensational revelations in Captain Peter E. Wright's "At the Supreme War Council," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is about to publish. Captain Wright was assistant secretary to the Council and brings a charge against two distinguished officers in connection with a leakage of information concerning the secret military plans of the Allies.

Mr. L. Bolton, the Senior Examiner at the Patent Office, who won the *Scientific American's* £1,000 prize for the clearest exposition for lay readers of Einstein's theory of Relativity, has been

granted the Reward of Merit for Scientific Attainments by the Inventors' Union. Mr. Bolton's exposition is to be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

In an interesting article on "Dreiser—After Twenty Years," Mr. Edward H. Smith writes in the current American *Bookman*: "On the dollar book counter of a drug store, the first night of this year, I encountered 'Jennie Gerhart.' No doubt this most palatable of the Dreiser novels had been for some time in happy enthronement beside the *opera* of Robert Chambers, Rex Beach and Zane Grey. Yet the sight arrested me, and the shopkeeper's assurance that he had sold 'quite a lot of copies' had the ring of the incredible. Dreiser with even a small popular audience seems somehow beyond the border of expectation. Within the week Dreiser himself magnified this portent with the news that 'The Financier' is soon to be issued in German by Kurt Wolff, of Berlin, and 'Twelve Men,' in French, by Rieder et Cie. 'Sister Carrie,' 'The Titan,' and 'Jennie Gerhart' are also to have French publication from the press of 'Editions de la Sirene,' and the last-named book is to appear serially in 'L'Humanité.' So this abused *Übermensch* among our novel makers is discovered in the act of invading home popularity and reaching, at the same moment, the elevation of international audience. Curiously and sadly enough it is now all of twenty years since the young Dreiser saw his first novel issued and the edition all but suppressed, and it is nearly twenty since 'Sister Carrie' was published by Heinemann in London, where the book received its critical baptism. It has taken the greater part of a generation for this significant literary figure to reach such 'success' as comes to the common spew of sensational novelists in a lustrum. . . .

Mr. Horace Fish,
whose new novel, "The Great Way," Messrs. Cassell have just published.

"Seven or eight years ago I encountered Dreiser in the flesh. A tall, loose-jointed, greying man sat on a bench in a Greenwich Village restaurant, humped down over a table, toying with a napkin and listening a little sadly to the babble of his companions. He was silent and abstracted, apparently absorbing what was being said and busily culling out for himself what was worth remembering. There was abundant chance to observe him and make note. His face seemed to me then a little pale and more than a little heavy. His bluish eyes looked dull and inexpressive save when he laughed. Then they appeared to glance anything but humour—rather depression, discouragement at mankind. He laughed or guffawed often and usually at something that amused no one else. I thought at first he was laughing in some mistaken notion of being polite. Soon enough I discovered that his explosions were outbursts of inner feeling, discharged to hide the vibration of some chord of pity—pity again for mankind.

Mrs. Wilfred Ward,
whose new novel, "Not Known Here" (Hutchinson), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"A certain loneliness or remoteness is a need of the creative artist, and it seems to me that this quality is especially necessary to Dreiser, not only because of the kind of work he does but because of

Photo by A. Corbett.

Miss Christine Campbell Thomson,
whose novel, "Bourgoyne or Göyne" (Bale, Sons and Danielsson), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. A. Trystan Edwards,
whose new book, "The Things Which Are Seen" (Philip Allan), is reviewed in this Number.

the manner of its doing. I imagine that he works slowly and with great effort. Unless he has recently yielded to the drudgery-lifting powers of the typewriter, he writes everything slowly and deliberately in his close but vague chirography. I fancy that words flow no more easily to his pen than his tongue, and that enormous imposts of time are necessary to his vast output. Hence, it seems probable that Dreiser has had to train himself against time-consuming friendships and social pleasantries. He has had to restrain his enthusiasms, whatever they may have been. He has closed his mouth and opened his ears, closed his doors and widened his windows. So we have here a man friendly but, so far as I know, without an absorbing friendship and probably incapable of one; a man closely touched and moved by all the pathos of life, akin to all suffering, and yet endlessly remote."

Mr. Douglas Newton's new novel, "Low Ceilings," is the story of the emancipation of a young man from his humble surroundings by the unselfishness of a woman's love. It will be published shortly here and in America by Messrs. Appleton.

"In Chinatown," which Mr. Grant Richards has published (2s. net), contains a selection of eight stories from Mr. Thomas Burke's well-known book of East London tales, "Limehouse Nights."

A useful, well-arranged reference book for writers, speakers, teachers, and the general reader is Mr. Gurney Benham's "Classified Quotations" (12s. 6d.; Cassell). Mr. Benham has drawn upon authors of all nations and periods, grouping his quotations under subject-headings, and furnishing a full index of cross-references and an annotated list of authors.

Mr. A. Trystan Edwards, whose "The Things Which are Seen" has just been published by Messrs. Philip Allan, is a native of Merthyr Tydfil, and was educated at Clifton College, and at Hertford, Oxford, where he took first class Honours in Mathematics and read Classical Greats. During the war, he served for four years as a seaman in the Royal Navy with the 4th Destroyer Flotilla. Since he left the Navy he has become an architect, having worked in his earlier time under Sir Reginald Blomfield, then for two years in the Liverpool Town Planning School, and for a final year with Professor Richard and Mr. Gill.

"The Acquisitive Society," by R. H. Tawney, which Messrs. Bell announce, is a study of the organisation of society and industry on the basis of its two-century-old principle of individual rights and a proposal for their reorganisation on a more moral and equitable foundation.

Nobody interested in rare prints should fail to see the remarkable collection Messrs. Batsford have recently acquired. They include woodcuts, engravings, etchings and drawings by or after German, Dutch, Flemish, Italian and French masters of the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, and twelve hundred engraved portraits of persons of rank and importance, English and foreign, dating between 800 and 1760.

All who have succumbed to the fascination of the Wild West novel should read "The Settler of Silver Creek," by Herman Whitaker, an excellent example of this type of fiction, which has just been published by Messrs. Collins.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

For the behoof of all who are concerned with setting type or correcting proofs Mr. Humphrey Milford has published a new edition of the very helpful book of "Rules for Compositors and Readers," by Horace

Mr. W. Douglas Newton.

Hart, the printer to the University of Oxford (2s. net). The English spellings have been revised by Sir James Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley.

In a recent Number of "The Chapbook" Mr. Gordon Craig writes of "Puppets and Poets" (1s. 6d.; Poetry Bookshop). He is caustic about actors and theatre management, and perhaps it is his despair over the condition to which these have fallen that has helped to stimulate his enthusiasm for puppets and the puppet play. Is he, in his glowing eulogy of the puppet and its potentialities, writing in all seriousness, or is he—in spite of his assurance that he is not—offering us elaborate satire and irony and pulling our innocent legs? The answer is in one of two words, but for the sake of a quiet life we will not say which.

A second series of "Selected Short Stories" has been added to the World's Classics series (2s. 6d.; Oxford Press). The selections in this volume are of nineteenth and twentieth century stories, and begin with examples by Mary and Charles Lamb, Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, Wilkie Collins and Mark Rutherford, and end with stories by Stevenson, Wilde, Harland and O. Henry, and with two by Murray Gilchrist and one by Gerald Warre Cornish that are well deserving of a place in any such anthology.

Whoever Felix Folio may be, it is clear enough from his "Helicon Hill" (Selwyn & Blount) that he is no 'prentice hand. He has a delightful sense of humour, and guys the new poets and the new poetry with a light, gay, frivolously satirical touch that exposes their little affectations, careful eccentricities and general weaknesses so genially that, except for the hopelessly serious among them, it should set them laughing with us at themselves. His prefatory apology is a neat thing:

> "Silence is golden.
> Reader, wilt
> Thou say my breaking
> It is —— guilt?"

Perhaps the song of the mass meeting on "Helicon Hill," "Occasion Persuades Me," "Philanthrocite the Gay" and "Pale Poetry," are the gems of the collection, but the spirit of laughter runs riot from cover to cover, and you will enjoy the fun of it all — unless you are one of the new poets yourself and in too deadly earnest to see the ridiculous side of what you are doing even when it is shown to you.

Mrs. Florence Barclay,

whose death last month is very widely regretted. She was "discovered" by Messrs. Putnam, and if her first novel, "The Rosary," was also her most successful, its successors have rivalled it in workmanship and almost in popularity.

In "Food for the Fed-Up" (6s.; Hodder & Stoughton) the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy administers a wholesome, rousing tonic for all whose faith in God and man has been shaken by the experiences of recent years. He has gone upon the assumption that "the hall-mark of the modern mind which separates it from the mind of yesterday is the idea of progress, the conception of man and man's world as being unfinished things which are in process of creation." He is the most unorthodox of men, but his belief in the fundamental truths of religion is undimmed by all the clouds of war and peace that have passed over it. He is as profoundly daring in his interpretation of Christian doctrine as he is profoundly religious. He is neither an iconoclast nor a dogged adherent to ancient dogma. He has no patience with pessimists, not even with the pessimism of the "gloomy Dean"; his inspiring common sense takes him straight to the heart of a problem and solves it by whittling away the unessentials and showing you that the sound and simple core of it is all that matters. Here, as in his poems, he is racy and outspoken and always intensely human in his outlook and his sympathies. For the doubting, the dispirited, the world-weary and all who cannot see that life is moving on through these worst of times to something better, here is a book that will help to open their eyes and uplift their hearts and convince them that we are not yet at the end, but that now as ever, there is still "a budding morrow at midnight."

Mr. J. Murray Gibbon,

whose successful new novel, "The Conquering Hero," Mr. John Lane published a few weeks ago.

"Dawn Songs and Other Poems," by

Arthur Bennett (2s. 6d.; Sunrise Publishing Company), will make a strong appeal to those readers who are not obsessed by the new poetry that does little more than crudely exhibit the affectations and eccentricities of the writers of it, but still look to find the poet putting into his song the thoughts, emotions and everyday human experiences which answer to what they too have suffered and enjoyed. Mr. Bennett does not strain after the unusual or go far afield for his themes; he finds them now and then in great events of the hour—in the death of Rhodes and of Irving; in memories of the famous dead; in the natural beauty of the world around him, and especially in the little affairs of ordinary life that come intimately home to himself. His verse has the twofold charm of Wordsworthian sincerity and simplicity in feeling and utterance. If there is a wistfulness and subdued acknowledgment of personal failure in the delightful dedicatory lines "To my Boy," there is also a hint of more than resignation in the faith that his son will fulfil the dreams he had once thought to realise himself, and this philosophy of hope, this courage in turning always to the happier aspect of things, is the prevailing note of the book.

Photo by E. W. J. Payne, M.C.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton,

Editor of "The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories" (Educational Book Co.), reviewed in this Number.

A guide to success in business, as entertaining as it is soundly practical, is "Putnams' Handbook of Buying and Selling" (12s.; Putnams). It starts by disclosing the first principles of selling, proceeds to defining the essentials of "shrewd buying," and tells in detail how to run a business, winding up with a couple of chapters on business wisdom. It is evidently written by men who know, and all engaged in trade may get useful hints from it.

"Books and the Man" (1s.; Newnes) contains the two popular "John o' London" lectures that Mr. Sidney Dark has recently been delivering to crowded and appreciative London audiences. He has the gift of communicating to others the pleasure he has himself found in literature; his comments and criticisms are sound and suggestive and, as Lord Riddell says in a foreword, the lectures most admirably "map out a voyage of discovery for those who are not widely read," and give those who are "renewed opportunities for meeting old friends under pleasing conditions and often under a new garb." The character sketch of Mr. Dark himself in Dr. Harry Roberts's introduction is a charmingly intimate and vivid essay in personal portraiture.

"The Nouveau Poor," by Belinda Blinders, edited by Desmond Coke, and illustrated by John Nash (5s. net; Chapman & Hall), is a joyous, irresponsible farce, with a good deal of wry truth in it about life in London after the war. Cheerful people will like it, and the disgruntled and downhearted will find no better tonic, for it aims at nothing but laughter, and hits the mark.

In "The Hare" (9s. net; Grant Richards) Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow continues the story of Harry Coggin that he began last year in "Coggin," and continues it in the vein of quiet realism and delightful humour that carried that first volume of his trilogy to immediate success. Like De Morgan, he is a true disciple of Dickens without being an imitator. "The Hare" is a novel to be read for the sheer pleasure of reading.

Barbusse's "Under Fire" is commonly spoken of as the greatest realistic novel of the war, and there is no need to say more of Roland Dorgeles' "Wooden Crosses" (9s; Heinemann) than that for its studies of character, its wonderfully detailed pictures of how the soldiers of France fought and endured, and its poignant narrative power, it is worthy to be bracketed with Barbusse's masterpiece.

Miss Iris Marshall,

whose first novel, "The Pitcher of Fate," a striking Russian historical romance, Mr. Stanley Paul is just publishing.

Dr. Walter Walsh is the leader of the Free Religion Movement, and his essays on men and books in "The Endless Quest" (3s. 6d.; Daniel) all tend to illustrate the views of those in that movement. There is one on "Tennyson and the Larger Hope"; two on Bernard Shaw's and George Moore's conception of Jesus; one on Browning's optimism; others on the ethics and religion of Edward Carpenter, George Eliot, Lord Morley, Whitman and Ruskin. They are admirably written and, though one may not accept all their conclusions, are full of interest and suggestion.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BASIL WILLIAMS: BIOGRAPHER.

NO sea-serpent having been reported recently, somebody has been trying to start a Press controversy by asserting that the men who do things, who achieve, are not Londoners, though they may live in London; that, in short, London may *attract*, but does not *produce* giants. Which, as Euclid says, is absurd. I forgot to mention this to Basil Williams as we sat chatting in the Savile the other day, and I am glad of it, for he is a modest man, and has a sense of humour, and he was born in London. His father, a barrister, gave him the names "Arthur Frederic," but "Basil" he is to the world all the same. In due time he went to Marlborough, and from there to New College, Oxford (where he took a First Class in Classical Mods. and Second Class Lit. Hum.), and then sallied forth into the larger world.

He obtained clerical work with a capital "C," for he became a Clerk in the House of Commons, and it may be that the traditions of that stately building informed his mind to produce (in 1913) his Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a work that gave him once and for all an honourable place in the ranks of biographers. The actual writing of his Pitt took little more than two years, but the preliminary delving into the records of the past was spread over something like a decade.

The young man's peaceful labours were rudely interrupted by the South African War (in those days one wrote of it with a capital "W"). Away went wig, gown and pen, and Basil Williams joined the oldest corps in the British Army—the Honourable Artillery Company. A battery of the H.A.C. was attached to the City Imperial Volunteers, and with them went Gunner Basil Williams to the land which was in after years to claim so much of his time and labour. He came safely through the campaign (to take part in due season in a far greater clash of arms), and found that the charm of South Africa had seized him. He entered on a period of administrative work there, and was for a time Secretary to the Transvaal Education Department.

Returning to England, he wrote an article for *The Times* of such ability that its publication was followed by an invitation to join the band of able men who wrote that journal's leading articles. When the great South African Convention was held, Basil Williams was present as the special correspondent of *The Times*.

The year 1914 called him once more from his desk. At first there seemed to be no niche in the military wall of discouragement, so he devoted himself to the work of receiving and caring for the Belgian refugees who flocked to Folkestone in thousands during the early days. It was strenuous and difficult work, but to Basil Williams and his colleagues many a frightened woman and hungry child owed mental and physical relief. After a time Basil Williams (who received the Medaille du Roi Albert from the King of the Belgians) went to France with the Red Cross unit organised by Mr. (now Major-General) Fabian Ware, and had a very interesting, though painful time.

One day the War Office suddenly realised that even middle-aged men who had dared to return safely from a previous war had their possibilities, and Basil Williams found himself a Captain in the Territorial Force, helping to train the younger men for their job. He would have preferred to follow the lads across the sea, but there was other work for him at home. In 1916 the military propaganda scheme was born—and nearly died in its first days because of the Bad Fairies at the bedside—and Basil Williams was one of that early band of martyrs who struggled desperately, and at last successfully, against—let us charitably call it Tradition. There were Lieut.-Colonel Davies, Major Fisher, Lord Onslow, "Monty" Johnstone, A. J. Dawson (who would *not* give in to the gas caught at La Boisselle), and——but this is not an Army List!

After some preliminary canters, Basil Williams settled down in a little room high up in one of the War Office annexes, and took unto himself assistants. He and his henchmen formed a sort of military Encyclopædia, but not merely Britannica, for they knew many other secrets too. So great grew the faith of the Intelligence Department at last in Basil Williams's section, that one X, a frivolous fellow, caused a momentary sensation in the officers' luncheon-room one day by announcing that the head of one of the junior officers of the section had burst—owing to the amount of knowledge that "Basil" had forced into it. During 1918, by the way, he found time to compile an informing book entitled, "Raising and Training the New Armies." Afterwards he became a Major and got the C.B.E., but he still recognised his old friends.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Major Basil Williams, C.B.E.**

All this came into my head as I sat and drank tea with the quiet, rather tired man in the Savile, for when we last met we both wore a different garb and spoke almost a different tongue. I remembered how his short, rather stout figure used to come flying up the stairs with amazing agility (amazing to me, of a full habit myself), an attaché case in one

hand, a cane and gloves in the other; the bright eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles darting keenly about and about. He usually began to talk a minute or two before he got to my room, so as to save time. He was as indefatigable as he was accurate—but I am becoming obituary-ish.

So much for the man of affairs. Now, as to the writer.

His Pitt, of course, published in 1913, was not the effort of an inexperienced pen. Articles and reviews he had written in plenty, and in 1906 was published the fourth volume of *The Times* "History of the War in South Africa," of which volume he was the author.

As editor of the series of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" Basil Williams has done valuable work, for the lives of great men are a part of the history of their time. When Lord Charnwood wrote his wonderful "Life of Abraham Lincoln," Basil Williams, who edited it, would hear no praise of anyone but the author. That is as it should be; nevertheless one realises something of his task, and can share to some extent in his joy in the finished product.

Now Basil Williams has given us another achievement. For his first biography he went back to the days of a man whose greatness had come down to him on the wings of time, but in his biography of Cecil Rhodes * he wrote of a man the power of whose extraordinary personality he had himself experienced, whose voice he had heard, whose struggles and triumphs he had watched, whose influence on the affairs of Africa had impressed him profoundly. While it may be that we are still too close to the object to be able to focus the telescope effectively, yet (as he replied to my suggestion) Rhodes's biographer had the inestimable advantage of being able to obtain first-hand impressions of the great statesman's influence on those actually around him—to see him, one might almost say, in the act of making history. How Basil Williams has used his opportunities will be appreciated by the readers of his book.

Cecil John Rhodes was born on July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stortford, of which place his father was Vicar. It was his poor health that sent him out to South Africa at the age of seventeen to join his brother Herbert, who had a cotton farm in Natal.

"This book," says its author, "is not intended to be an unrelieved panegyric of Rhodes or a tract for the imperialism he preached and worked for. But it frankly sets forth with the belief that he was, with all his grievous faults, a great man, and that at the root of his imperialism were qualities that have done good service to mankind."

With that conclusion I do not think the reader will quarrel. Young Rhodes, farmer at seventeen, successful diamond-miner at eighteen and a half, "had many sides to his character and a rare faculty for keeping all his business interests distinct and becoming absorbed in the business of the moment." For example, he came back to England to study at Oxford, and while still an undergraduate maintained touch with his mining and other interests overseas, and dreamed his Empire dreams the while—dreams in the effort to realise which he became one of the great figures of the world.

Where every page is interesting it is difficult to make extracts without spoiling the picture. Yet there are portions which are themselves portraits in miniature. His religion:

"After weighing all the pros and cons in his mind, he concluded on a fifty per cent. chance that there was a God. . . . he argued, God was obviously trying to produce a type of humanity most fitted to bring peace, liberty and justice to the world and to make that type predominant. Only one race, so it seemed to him, approached God's ideal type—his own Anglo-Saxon race; God's purpose then was to make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant, and the best way to help on God's work and fulfil His purpose in the world was to contribute to the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race and so bring nearer the reign of justice, liberty and peace."

As Basil Williams observes, "it was a clumsy philosophy, like the man"; nevertheless, clumsier philosophers have created great commotions in the world before now.

For wealth, in itself, Rhodes cared little; but he quickly recognised that it meant *power*, and bent himself to acquire it. His struggle with Barnett Isaacs (afterwards called Barney Barnato), the eighteen-year-old Jew who sailed for Africa with a capital of sixty boxes of cigars, which he sold to the diggers at an enormous profit, is to me one of the most interesting and *revealing* episodes in the book. Not the least striking thing is the final tribute of the vanquished Barnato: "Rhodes has an extraordinary ascendancy over men; he tied me up, as he ties up everybody. It is his way. You can't resist him; you must be with him." This from a man who prided himself on his business acumen and his freedom from sentiment.

I have no space to examine Rhodes's career minutely—millionaire, politician, sportsman, man of a hundred interests and activities. The Raid, of course, cut sharply across his plans, but even before this "power and success had begun to spoil him. He became strangely arrogant; old friends noted with pain the change from his former simple and boyish good-fellowship to the almost pompous and overweening attitude of the later Rhodes." It is always painful to discover that one's idol has feet of clay, and to thousands of men and women—white and coloured—Rhodes was indeed an idol.

"Rhodes was indeed a faulty hero," says his biographer; "What hero is not? But he had great aims, some of which he attained, and he had the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same aspirations."

Such biographies as this are additions to the world's literature.

Basil Williams has some interesting volumes in contemplation, but for the moment he is preparing to deliver the Ford lectures at Oxford in the coming term, for which he has chosen a very interesting subject, "Foreign Policy in the Eighteenth Century." After that, we may hope for—but I approach indiscretion.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "Cecil Rhodes." By Basil Williams. 15s. net. (Constable.)

THE READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE OPEN AIR.

By Arthur Rutland.

From Cover Design
or "The Mysterious Rider," by Zane Grey (Hodder).

IN the last few weeks I have read two essays and listened to a lecture on "The Modern Novel." Both writers and the lecturer were novelists of the younger school, and they shared a common conviction that there is only one kind of novel that can be called modern, and somehow that happens to be the kind they are themselves writing. The hall-mark of the modern novel is, in their opinion, a free, unrestrained handling of the relations between the sexes. They seem to think these matters are only understood by psychological students (or psycho-analysts as they call themselves now) and will be new to most of us; in spite of the fact that Mr. George Moore was writing that kind of novel, and doing it better, forty years ago, and that, to say nothing of other countries, it has been pretty familiar in English fiction right away back to the days of Richardson, and earlier.

So far from being pitifully reduced to a single pattern, the novel was never more varied in style and outlook than it is to-day, and the best examples, even as literature, are by no means all of the same type. As for which is the most essentially modern there can hardly be any question that what is named, for the sake of convenience, the Wild West novel, is that. It is not only making the most widely popular appeal to modern minds but instead of tracing its ancestry back to Richardson, its family was not founded till more than a hundred years later. For though you may find foreshadowings of it in Fenimore Cooper's stories of prairies and Indian braves, of trappers and settlers, and in Captain Mayne Reid's of Mexican adventure, the Wild West novel did not really arrive till Bret Harte began to write it about sixty years ago. He brought the mining camp with all its accessories, including the saloons, miners, good and bad, all very handy with revolvers and prone to gambling, road agents, half-breeds, sheriffs, stage-coaches, lynchings, beautiful girls who were reverenced by all but the worst of those "toughs" of the back blocks—he brought them all into fiction and, with modifications, developments and new additions, they have remained there ever since, and no Wild West novel seems quite complete without some of them. Like most of his successors, Bret Harte could draw on his memory for the characters and scenes of his books, and when he was dismissed as a romancist and a sentimentalist by critics who had never seen the world in which he had passed his youth, but had "taken large and exhaustive views of mankind and society from club windows in Pall Mall or the Fifth Avenue," he declared that, except in one instance, he had transcribed all his people and incidents from actual life, and had truthfully presented "a peculiar and romantic state of civilisation" that was bound to seem unreal to those who, dwelling in the ordered security of streets, with a policeman on point duty at the corner, were entirely unacquainted with it.

The literal truth about any form of life is never the whole truth; romance and reality are as interdependent as spirit and body. No man sees romance when he meets it; he calls it romance when he only hears about it, but as soon as he is right up against it, in California, in Arizona, Alaska, or wherever it lives, it looks as matter-of-fact as the familiar, everyday run of things in sophisticated London Paris, or New York. But he gives you no authentic picture if he is one of those half-realists who can only draw what they see; unless he is able to do the thing thoroughly and interpret also the spirit of the place and its people, he is not a realist worthy of the name. Ben Jonson knew Sir Philip Sidney and told Drummond of Hawthornden that he was "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples," but we know Sidney was a poet, a gallant knight, the mirror of chivalry, and the painters would have left out the soul of the man if instead of depicting him as handsome and debonair they had failed to see beyond his plain features and his pimples, and short-sightedly perpetuated them. Which is a parable, the bearings whereof, so far as the Wild West novel is concerned, lie, as Captain Bunsby would say, in the application of it.

Zane Grey.

The work of the many who have

sustained his traditions sufficiently vindicates Bret Harte's claim; for though most of them write of later periods they write of similar places and characters and, on the whole, confirm his representations of them. The coming of railways, motor-cars, motor-cycles and the telephone brings a modern air and all sorts of new possibilities into the later stories, and so far from making them less romantic adds as much to their romance as to their reality. None of these later novelists has done finer work in literature, perhaps, than Jack London and Owen Wister; but Wister's masterly studies of ranch life and character are outside the range of what has come to be regarded as the typically Wild West novel, which finds perhaps its ablest and most typical exposition in the virile, stirring, strongly dramatic tales of Jack London and Rex Beach. Indeed, this type of novel is no longer of necessity a story of the geographical West; it is not limited by the points of the compass, but is concerned with certain types of character and conditions of existence as common to the backlands of Canada, Australasia and South Africa as to those of North and South America. Ralph Connor's phenomenally popular romances of North-west Canada, and Robert Service's "Trail of '98" belong to the catalogue; so do the bushranger stories of Rolf Boldrewood, Bernard Cronin's "Timber Wolves"; David Hennessey's dramatic bushranging novel, "The Outlaw," Steel Rudd's "We Katyns" and other of his delightful stories of the Australian bush; so do Horace Rose's tales of the South African veldt; and with his first book, "The Lure of the Honey-bird," J. Weedon Birch has just added Matabeleland to the world-wide Wild West of the novelists. It would be easy to extend the list, and a little difficult to know where to draw the line, for all stories of the Wild West are not Wild West stories; life is not all cut to one pattern out there any more than it is in London, and the true Wild West novel is one that plunges for the large simplicities of nature and the natural man, troubles little with psychology, but gives itself wholeheartedly to the spell of the open air, the magic of vast spaces, the strength and weakness, baseness and nobility of humanity in the rough, and is more often than not, first and last and all the time, a breezy, rousing tale of adventure in which men are fighting the wilderness when they are not fighting each other, and are frequently doing both simultaneously.

Jack London.

Rex Beach.

I

That no form of novel is more popular than this with modern readers is not merely a pious opinion of my own but the bare restatement of a fact gathered from many readers and divers booksellers in my goings about town. The latter were so much in agreeemnt on this score that I may fairly offer the views of one of them, and one of the best known and most considerable booksellers in London, as representative. He was inclined to pessimism at first, saying darkly that the book trade was not what it used to be, and seemed pained by my frivolous suggestion that perhaps, like *Punch*, it never had been. "But look here," I reproved him, "your shop is crowded with customers who must be buying books, because you don't sell anything else, so it's no good telling me there's nothing doing. Let's come down to details. I see you have got stacks of three Wild West novels that are just out—what is going to happen to them?" "Well," he said, with signs of reviving cheerfulness, "if any novels are selling at present, that is the sort that are. Some sell extraordinarily well." "Who would you say is the best seller among them?" I inquired. "Zane Grey," he answered promptly. "He has only come up in the last year or two, but he has gone right to the front and topped the lot. The older hands hold their ground; there's always a demand for Jack London, Rex Beach, Ridgwell Cullum and Cyrus T. Brady; and for style, so far as my judgment goes, none of them can beat Stewart Edward White. Then there's Curwood; as a seller, I put him a good second to Zane Grey; B. M. Bower and Jackson Gregory are going ahead; so is Hulbert Footner—a great man, that—and here's this new book by Dane Coolidge, 'Shadow Mountain,' just in from Methuen—a capital story, that; and MacLeod Raine and Max Brand, Hendryx and Patterson White—there isn't an also-ran among them, but certainly at present Zane Grey is leading the field."

"I didn't know you went in for so much reading," I ventured. "I read as a matter of business so that I can recommend things to my customers," he said, "and I know what I enjoy." "So, of course, you are not surprised that the public is going after these Wild West yarns?" "Not a bit. There is something fresh

James Oliver Curwood.

Dane Coolidge.

and healthy about them; they are all alive and get you out into the open air. I'm tired," he confessed, "of stuffy, grubby little tales about the illicit passions of town-bred men and women who think too much of themselves because they haven't got enough to think of. If you have the same passions breaking out in some of the Wild West stories there's plenty of wholesome hard work and fighting and robust living to carry it off." "And how do you account for Zane Grey's pre-eminence?" "He can tell a rattling good tale, and the tales he tells are true, or if they are not he has an astonishing gift of making them seem so, and that gives them an extra grip, I take it. But it may be luck—I don't know—for I could say the same of Peter B. Kyne, Gregory, Bernard Sinclair, Parrish, Henry Oyen, and others. All of them deserve the success they get, and they don't all get the success they deserve, for these books are like that seaside place—they're so bracing; they're the best stories out for such depressing times as ours. Have you noticed, by the way, how well most of them are written? Now and then you come across one that tells a good yarn in slipshod English, but as a rule the literary style is better than Scott's or Ainsworth's, and I don't think any highbrow novelist should look down on them unless he has learned how to be as interesting."

With all which I was so far in accord that I was left with nothing to say.

II

But there are as good fish in the sea as any that my bookseller brought up in his net. The Wild Westerners make up the largest of any school of latter-day novelists—they are so numerous that even if there had been no limit to my reading I should not have space to write of them all. Like my bookseller, I can understand the vogue of Zane Grey after reading that fascinating narrative of men and animals, "The Last of the Plainsmen," which persuades me that Buffalo Jones was a real man, whether he was or not; "The Man of the Forest," one of the most charming love romances that ever came out of the wilds, and his latest and perhaps strongest piece of work, "The Mysterious Rider." In "Betty Zane" he goes back to the past and tells a story that culminates in the siege of Fort Henry in 1782—the last battle of the American Revolution, a fine, vividly-realised tale of the days when the Hurons, the Delawares, and other such famous Indian tribes still roamed in the West and were a constant menace to the early settlers.

You do not often come upon this Fenimore Cooper touch in the modern novel, but you may enjoy it again in Everett Tomlinson's "The Pursuit of the Apache Chief," which takes you with a party of prospectors among the Arizona cañons in the country of the Apaches, and gives you a rush of adventure and some of the best Indian fighting I have read for a long while. Charles Alden Seltzer, who proved his quality in "The Range Boss" and "Firebrand Trevison," may be relied on to prove it again in "The Ranchman," which Methuens are publishing, and in "The Trail Horde," which, what with cattle-raids, desperate shooting affrays, a true love and an intriguing Delilah, seems qualified to give the most hardened reader a new sensation. Theodore Goodridge Roberts knows the West and knows how to write about it, and would stand high among novelists of his school even if he had given us no more than "Forest Fugitives" and "Love on Smoky River." Dane Coolidge was, I admit, unknown to me till I read his just-published "Shadow Mountain," and I recommend you to go to it and make the acquaintance of Virginia, an exasperating, unreliable, attractive, altogether human girl, and be racked and

Stewart Edward White,
whose new novel, "The Rose Dawn," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

held in suspense by the story of the great fight for the mine that had no gold in it but, to the confounding of as ripe a rascal as fiction ever disclosed, yielded a metal that, during the war was of even higher value.

"It's a wild life, in the far West," says Johnny Ramsay, in William Patterson White's "Hidden Trails," and that novel and the same author's "Paradise Bend" justify anyone in saying so. Johnny is a laggard in love, but he is all there at once when it comes to fighting, and a rattling, headlong yarn of reckless, perilous adventure is the consequence. Like Curwood, Edison Marshall is interested in the four-legged people of the forest no less than in the two-legged people of hills and plains, and he has made them intensely interesting for all and sundry in "The Voice of the Pack" and "The Strength of the Pines." Although he has worked as city editor on several small dailies in Oregon, Edison Marshall has spent much of his time in the mountains, and owns to "a great love of the outdoors." He was born in a log cabin on the Illinois frontier, and some of his ancestors "seemed to be a rather adventurous breed, coming to America from England before the Revolution, fighting in every war and moving west as far as there were any trails to follow." There is a long string of novels to the name of William MacLeod Raine, and I would not have missed any of the four I have read—"Wyoming," "The Pirate of Panama," "The Yukon Trail"—a powerful story of two strong men and a tremendous fight for what each believed was his right—and "A Man Four-Square," which Jarrolds publish this spring; a tale that plunges you into New Mexico "at the time when it was a sink for all the worst men in Texas, when the cattle drive was a real occupation for real men, and when Indians and renegade whites rustled stock at will."

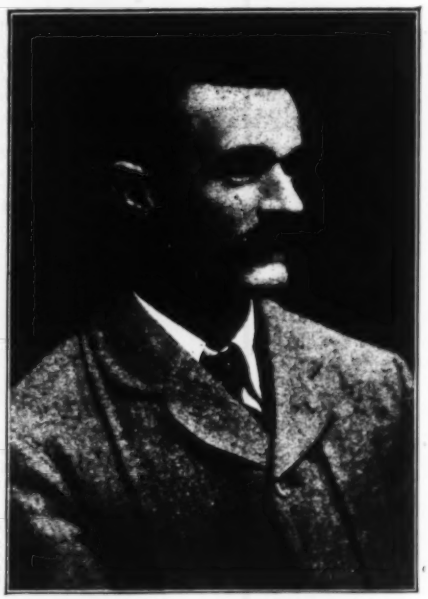


Photo by Scott & Son, Carlisle.

Harold Bindloss,

whose new romance, "Musgrave's Luck," has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

In "The Untamed" and "The Night Horseman" Max Brand has created an unusual, eerie character—"Whistling Dan of the Untamed Soul," who with his black stallion, Satan, and his wolf devil-dog, goes through these and, I believe, other of Brand's books strangely sharing the instincts of wild things—a small, quiet man with the gentlest possible voice but the quickest and most merciless hand with a revolver when occasion requires—as it often does. The victory in "—— I Conquered" by Harold Titus is the hard-won victory of the raw, rough V. B. over his besetting vice. There are delightfully quaint touches of humour in this and his new book, "The Last Straw," in which a girl inherits a ranch and goes to run it herself, unlearns, not without humiliations, some of the lessons she learned when she was wasting a fortune on Broadway, and that she rescues the ranch from bankruptcy and wins through is not so much due to herself as to the harsh outspokenness of the uncompromising farm-hand who advised her, and won her love by doing and saying the very things that threatened to turn her against him. There is humour, too, in James B. Hendryx's "Prairie Flowers," and if Tex Beaton is a bit of a sentimentalist, he paints Timber City red with a thoroughgoing violence that you would not expect from the title and rides off headlong into as thrilling and romantic a sequence of events as even a cowboy ever encountered.

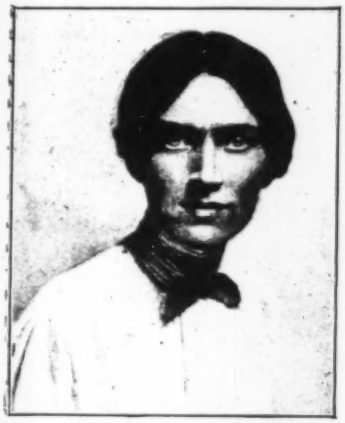
I have only seen two of Honoré Willsie's books. "Still Ian" has never come my way. But I read "The Forbidden Trail" with great admiration—a pioneering story with a terribly beautiful desert background, and one that is alive with interest. It is the haunting, vast loneliness of the Arizona desert that dominates her new story, "The Heart of the Desert" (Thornton Butterworth). Cartwell, the cultured North American Indian, is a very child of the desert, and feels the pull of it at the back of his mind, and under stress of passionate emotion he breaks the trammels of civilisation, reverts to his primitive ways and, in his Indian garb and aided by some of his tribe, he forcibly abducts the girl who had rejected his love, and the desperate hunt after him and his captive, and the surprising end of it all make a story that is full of excitement and dramatic surprises and touched with strange beauty. For the spell of the desert, the healing charm of the simple life and great open spaces harden the girl physically and, changing her outlook, bring about developments that are as natural as they are unexpected.

Photo by Central News.

Ridgwell Cullum.

The list of these writers is

almost inexhaustible. There are Philip Curtiss, Will Ingersoll, George Goodchild, Ottwell Binns, and, to say nothing of others, there is A. G. Hales who more than holds his own with the ablest of them all. He has unfolded his own story in "My Life of Adventure," and you are aware from that wonderful record that his most riotously romantic tales have a backing of personal experience. I am not going to talk of his notable "McGlusky" series; good as they are, "The Red Hawk" is better, and for a story that has all the open-air vigour and spirit of the Wild West in it commend me to "Joy Beaucarnis." Joy and her father live at St. Cloud in the boarding-house of Mammy Thompson, the negress, and here is a sketch of the place that offers you a typical Western environment in a nutshell:



Miss Honoré Willsie,

one of the very few Wild West women novelists, whose new romance, "The Heart of the Desert," Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

"St. Cloud was a rather insignificant mining settlement on its own account, but important in this respect — that it was the jumping-off place for the bands of pioneer prospectors and hunters who sought to open up the wilderness beyond. It was a rich land, rich in gold, in furs and in timber, but it was rugged and wild, hot in summer, almost arctic cold in winter. Of law as men knew it in cities there was little or none; a sheriff in each of the scattered communities, elected by the people of the district, represented order as it was understood in the wilderness, and the sheriff's charter was the pair of guns that he carried in his belt, and the limit of his influence was bounded by his ability to use them. . . . Prospecting parties coming out or going in added their quota to the mixture of humanity; in the main, the prospectors were decent, honest men, but when they were not, then they were bad to the bone. The same could be said of the cattle men who came to St. Cloud mostly from the plains beyond the Western ranges; the best of these were white to the marrow, honest and incorruptible, but the worst were hangman's fruit, bad men, born bad, corrupt in spite of the glorious scenery in which a good deal of their lives was spent, cruel and lustful, though the stars were their sentinels by night and the scent of flowers and forests their hourly incense. If environment were all that is required to make men manly, these fellows ought to have been supermen; some of them came very near that standard, because they were born clean, but there were others, and we shall meet them as we follow Joy Beaucarnis in the wilderness and along the trail of love."

It is a story to read, and to make you look forward to reading his new one, "The Long Lone Trail," which is due this spring.

I am not suggesting that in having lived the wild life he pictures in his books A. G. Hales has done anything exceptional; the great majority of these Wild West novelists, I repeat, have done likewise. Before he wrote "The Pioneer," "The Borderer" and the rest of his novels of Western Canada, another Englishman (though Hales really began as an Australian), Harold Bindloss, roughed it in the country that was to be such a source of inspiration to him. Another Englishman, Frederick Niven, was in his younger days—as C. S. Evans has written—"a clerk and a cowpuncher, or something equally adventurous, in the West of America. . . . He has fought life grimly with the gloves off and become a humanist." His first book, "The Lost Cabin Mine," was followed by "Hands Up!" with for hero of both "a chivalrous desperado known as the Apache Kid." Yet another Englishman, Ridgwell Cullum, has gone into the wild and brought stories back with him. He has mixed with Boer and Kaffir, and followed the trail in far places with bowie knife and rifle; came near to being starved to death in Alaska, and had a tough time with a band of freebooters when he was in the Kimberley diamond mines. He has been called "the new Bret Harte," but there is no Bret Hartian humour or sentiment in such stories as "The Watchers of the Plains," "The Night Riders," "The One Way Trail" or "The Way of the Strong," and in fierce elemental passion and grim realism he goes beyond anything Harte attempted.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

James B. Hendryx.

Jack London, as everybody knows, had revelled in the life adventurous before he began to write and, in the West and all about the world, went on revelling in it afterwards to the end. That Rex Beach had served his apprenticeship to the wild nobody who has read "The Net," "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Ne'er-do-Well," or any of his books, will need telling. He was born at Michigan and went to school at Florida, where his father was in business as an orange grower. They sent him to Chicago to study law, but he preferred football, and presently threw up the law to go gold-mining in Alaska. Then, having tried his hand at various other things, he went into the building line, and after seeing and doing more than enough to write about for the rest of his life, he wrote "The Spoilers," and its immediate success settled the question of his career.

David Hennessey.

Who could have had a more ideal beginning for the work he was to do than James Oliver Curwood? He is the grandson of Captain Marryat, and his great-grandmother was a full-blooded Indian princess. He made money to go to college by trapping in the Michigan woods. Later, having worked his way up from reporting to the editor's desk, he abandoned the *Detroit News-Tribune* "to fare forth into the wilds." For the truth that is in Curwood's books, Ray Long, who has known him intimately for many years, says in the American *Bookman*:

"James Oliver Curwood is a writing man because he has something to say, and he writes only of those things which he knows best. His novels are set in the far north region of Canada because he not only knows, but actually loves, that country. I think it is pretty generally known that Curwood was employed for two years by the Canadian Government as an explorer and that he has lived among the Eskimos. But I am not sure whether the public is aware that he makes expeditions on his own initiative and at his own expense into the unexplored regions. These are thoroughly organised expeditions, too, requiring a pack train of twelve horses or more, in charge of Bruce Otto, the noted guide. Curwood and Otto remain on the trail for months at a time, 'living off the land.'

"These periodic trips serve the double purpose of satisfying Curwood's craving for the wild places and of furnishing him with authentic material for his stories. In his own words, 'I travelled three thousand miles up and down the mighty Saskatchewan before I wrote "The River's End," and if I had not gone down the Athabasca, the Slave and the Mackenzie with the wild 'river brigades" of God's country, I would not have written "The Valley of Silent Men."' Before writing 'The Grizzly King' and 'Nomads of the North' he lived three years with those noble animal characters—Thor, Muskwa, Neewa, and Brimstone, while 'God's Country and the Woman' and 'Kazan' were written in a cabin hundreds of miles from civilisation.

"He swears that he cannot write in his own home, one of the most interesting homes that I have ever seen. In it are twenty-seven guns, all of which have seen service—the stocks of most of them are scarred with notches recording his kills. And the place from cellar to garret is filled with mounted heads and furs. But each of these trophies of his days as a killer he regards as a martyr. No longer is Curwood the hunter, the trapper, the destroyer of wild life. A great light has come to him, and in what he terms his religion, he believes that the wild animals understand he is their friend. He has put this conversion of his into a book which is announced for publication in the spring. 'God's Country, The Trail to Happiness,' it will be called; and he says it has given him greater joy to write this confession and conversion of a killer than anything he has done.

"'Nature is my religion,' he says; 'and my desire, my ambition, the great goal I wish to achieve, is to take my readers with me into the heart of this nature. I love it, and I feel that they must love it—if I can only get the two acquainted.'

"Curwood's output to date (and he is still a young man in his early forties) is seventeen volumes—novels and collections of short stories, and a history of the Great Lakes—to say nothing of the stories that have appeared only in magazines. The very size of his output has been an asset, because his writing is easy and facile. In addition, in my opinion, Curwood has the greatest sense of the dramatic—or I might say melodramatic—of any writer in this country. He can tell a story supremely well. And what is a novel except 'a good story, well told,' or, as I believe Professor William Lyon Phelps condensed it, 'a good story'?"

So, one way and another, it becomes obvious that though saloons, card-sharping and shooting-on-sight were the Alpha of the Wild West novel, they are not also its Omega. You may follow the transition from the lawless to the orderly state in more than one novel—in Raine's "A Man Four-Square," for example, where the shooting is free enough most of the way but at the close, "the rule of the 'bad man' was over. Revolvers were no longer a part of the necessary wearing apparel of gentlemen of spirit. The frontier world gave itself to ploughing fields and building fences and digging irrigation ditches and planting orchards." To such complexion does all savagery come at last, but the interest of these stories does not go out with the noise of them, it only changes and is often intensified by the fierce conflict of larger,

Douglas Durkin,
with his Canadian huskie or malamute sleigh dog.

more complex influences that get to work on the minds and hearts of men when they pass out of comparative vagabondage and submit, more or less, to the yoke of organised conditions.

I don't imagine that Robert Stead ever wore hairy trousers and rode a snorting mustang and shot folks promiscuously; but you can't judge these quiet, gracious men by appearances—you never know. Anyhow, he was born and brought up on a Manitoba farm and lived for years in Calgary before he migrated to Ottawa, where in due season he entered upon public life, and has burgeoned into a high Government official. He gathered his early recollections into "The Homesteaders," which appeared four or five years ago, and frames an excellent story in a setting of pioneer farming days in Southern Manitoba. This established his reputation and paved the way for "The Cow Puncher," a strong romance for whose scenes and dramatis personæ he went to Calgary; and this spring comes "Dennison Grant," which uses the foothills of the Rockies as a stage for a stubborn, embittered dispute over hay-rights between two rival gangs of ranch hands, into and through which conflict runs the charming love-idyll of Dennison and the adorable Zen.

Photo by W. T. Cranfield. **Robert J. C. Stead.**

Another Manitoba author, Douglas Durkin, had his birthplace on one of the first homesteads opened up in the Swan River Valley, and led a working, wandering, romantic career all about West Canada, from the Swan River to Oregon, until he settled down to a more orthodox existence. Before the war they had so far tamed him that they made him a professor at the University of Manitoba, but when I wrote to him at the college I learned he was on vacation and had disappeared into irreclaimable parts with guns or fishing-rods. During the war he wrote his first book, "Canada's Fighting Men," some of the ballads in which were little Wild West novels in verse, as many of Service's and some of Stead's are. But it was the hard, pioneer struggle that appealed to Durkin, and this struggle, all the life of a new settlement at the time of the coming of the railway (he himself at one time worked on the Canadian Pacific, I believe), makes a lively background for his first novel, "The Heart of Cherry McBain."

Characteristic, too, of this later phase of the West, that is not so wild as it used to be, is Hopkins Moorhouse's "Deep Furrows," a romance of the Grain Growers movement in western Canada. It is a big theme and difficult to handle, but Moorhouse has not been a journalist for nothing, and these huge political and economic forces take fire and become living, eager issues in his hands.

Whatever fault may be urged against the Wild West or Open Air novel, nobody can say it is lacking in variety. It ranges from the complete idyll (punctuated perhaps by some unavoidable shooting), through the domestic drama, the graciously or riotously humorous backwoods yarn, the pathetic, tragic or melodramatic narrative of ranching or mining, to the hot and hurrying detective yarn, in which the detective is perhaps no more virtuous than the criminal; the mystery story; the story of headlong exciting adventure; from the Indian story and the quiet or raging love romance to the mighty epic of business operations, the tale of man's inhumanity to man after he has taken the feathers out of his hair and emerged respectably in a top hat. It adds to these varied phases, the story more of animals than of men, which is essentially of the Wild West and has no parallel in any other class of fiction, and, by this and by that, it opens a door of escape out of monotonously conventional surroundings into a world where the conventions are mostly forgotten, if they were ever known—a world where the most reticent of us may in imagination taste all sorts of excitements that would never come to us otherwise, and gratify that passion for romance which is native to us all, and, chilled by prosaic surroundings, would die of inanition if books did not keep it alive.

OPEN AIR NOVELS I HAVE READ.

By Wilfrid L. Randell.

WHY do we, who have houses and hot-and-cold water taps and express trains, like to read about people who dwell in tents and log shanties, who take their water from rivers and streams, and whose journeyings are by horse or afoot across desert or prairie or forest? The answer is easy: although our surroundings may seem more prosaic than they really are, and although, as R. L. Stevenson said, "a man's true life, for which he consents to live, may lie altogether in the field of fancy," we like the contrast. "The clergyman in his spare hours may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts," and by the aid of those who set down the thrill of lands where human nature is reduced to elementals, the dream comes to the business.

If, in the general verdict, some of us think that it is still hard to rival our old treasures, the "Swiss Family Robinson," "Masterman Ready," "Robinson Crusoe," and others, that may be ascribed to the prejudice of affectionate memories. It is simple fact, to be tested by any reader, that our "Wild West" authors—a comprehensive term, into which factors not entirely "wild" nor exclusively "west" may be allowed to enter—are "out" to tell a good story, and that they succeed

admirably. Most of them are not concerned with subtleties of character analysis; they tell what happens when two angry men face each other over the gaming-table and the crowd starts shooting. "That is life," they say; "read about it, you quiet city people with your wall papers and evening papers and income-tax papers; your world is bounded on the north by the fire-place and on the south by the bookcase, on the east by the office window and on the west by Shaftesbury Avenue, but our world is wider. Read about it!"

And I have been reading about it, and gone past my station in consequence. "Cappy Ricks" was responsible for that, and Mr. Peter B. Kyne, his creator, may accept my best thanks for introducing me to such a fascinating old party as Alden P. Ricks, the owner of a fleet of ocean-going ships, as hard as nails for business, but with a heart as soft as butter for his daughter and her sailor lover. The 300-page duel between Cappy and Matt is something to make one's eyes water with laughter, and the controversy by cable between Cappy, as owner, in San Francisco, and Matt, as mate of a ship, in Table Bay, is one of the best bits of genuine fun I have read in any sea story. Incidentally I am lost in admiration of Mr. Kyne's knowledge of the intricacies of the shipping world, of insurance, charters, traffic regulations, sea-lore and law generally. "The Green Pea Pirates" is another good tale by Mr. Kyne—a lively story of Californian waters and the South Seas. Adelbert P. Gibney, otherwise "Gib," is the genius and leading spirit of a group of three pals who share a most extraordinary series of adventures worthy of the imagination of a "film writer." The difference is that these adventures are possible. "Kindred of the Dust," Mr. Kyne's latest novel, published last September, is the best he has written if style and construction are taken as the standard. Hector McKaye, owner of the Tyee Lumber Company, and his son Donald, are a finely-drawn pair, and the whole story is planned on big lines. With great skill the author shows how the father was torn between his love for Donald and his pride in the family honour. One feels that with less action and better study of character Mr. Kyne has taken the higher levels of authorship by this book, and although for sheer entertainment I am going to read "Cappy Ricks" again later on, "Kindred of the Dust" must stand before it as "quality."

Jackson Gregory.

So far, we have not discussed the out-and-out "thriller." Whereas you and I, patient readers, pride ourselves (owing possibly to the little trouble in Europe a few years ago) on handling a rifle passably well, the Hero, dead shot, can drive nails in trees and shoot out the eyes of a portrait at incredible distances—when intoxicated; the Heroine, also dead shot, can "draw" quicker than lightning, and can shoot—with both hands—from the back of a galloping mustang or bronco better than you or I could with elbow grounded and careful sighting. This comment brings me to Mr. Jackson Gregory's book, "The Splendid Outlaw" (Melrose; 1918). The effect desired is always intensified. In ordinary life a man arranges his necktie, puts his hands in his pockets, and goes to bed; but here "he jerked viciously at his neck-handkerchief, drove his hands deep into his pockets, and strode off to his bed." It is an exciting tale of the wildest West, with episodes of cattle-running, holding up the stage, shooting, card playing, nugget-finding, all painted in primary colours. It is not so good as "The Joyous Trouble Maker," by the same author, which tells of a conflict between a man with an immense sense of humour and a young lady, millionaire owner of a township or two and various sections of North America. The bad man is here in full force, well-groomed, plausible, and—need I add?—with white, well-kept hands, who makes love to the heroine for the sake of her money. In the end, after a book-full of rebellion, the domineering little lady capitulates to the right lover, and all is happiness, with the villain either dead or defeated; I forget which, because I have assisted at the killing of so many of these villains lately. Mr. Gregory takes a long step forward with "The Bells of San Juan" (Melrose), where not only is the writing restrained and the study of character more true, but the story itself makes a thrilling romance of the West without undue adjectival exuberance. The old bell-ringer, knowing his bells by name, sounding them for death or festival or wedding, gives a murmurous undertone to the exciting incidents of the little township; and the girl who settles in San Juan as a doctor is a heroine worth knowing, her rivalry with the incompetent local medical man being not the least interesting feature of a very pretty plot. And he reaches his high-water mark in "Man to Man," his newest romance, which opens with the return of Steve Packard to find that his sinful old grandfather has jockeyed him out of his inheritance, and the way in which he recovers it and worsts a whole nest of enemies, and wins the love of a girl who is as unconventional as she is charming, makes the best of good reading.

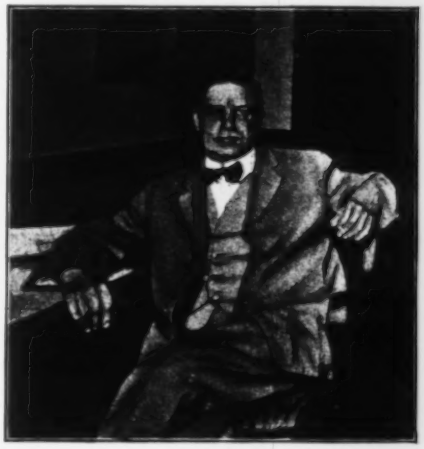
The real, authentic sensation came, however, when I read "Tharon of Lost Valley," by Vingie E. Roe (Cassell), published last autumn. "A story can be written of Western America in which revolvers are in abeyance," says Mr. Frederick Niven, in his foreword to that delightful novel, "The Lady of the Crossing," but Vingie E. Roe doesn't believe it. Tharon was *some* girl. Her blue eyes "narrow into blazing slits"; she

was "the rose of the valley"; she plays the harmonium and sings to the "boys," who adore her; she can do the "back-hand flip" with two "guns" as easily as you or I would take a trick with the ace of trumps; she can ride like the wind, pour on an assembly of "toughs" a torrent of words as prickly as a furze-bush and as stinging as a mustard-plaster; in fact, twenty-five years ago she would have made me save my pennies for a passage to the nearest port to "Lost Valley." Thrills in every chapter; lots of shooting—in short, a great book for the arm-chair if you have fallen out with the psychological novel.

In a class quite to themselves are the stories of Mr. J. O. Curwood, whose sympathetic insight enables

Bernard Cronin.

him to interpret wonderfully the thoughts of the animal world of the West. "Nomads of the North," for instance, is a little masterpiece, with Neewa the bear cub and Miki the puppy for heroes, and human beings as secondary characters. The scene is the Hudson Bay Company's territory, where trapper and fur trader gain their adventurous living. The skill with which the author "gets inside" the soul of the dog and shows the gradual knowledge absorbed by means of hard experience is almost uncanny. It is one of the best animal novels ever written—and I say this deliberately, not forgetting Mr. Kipling and Jack London. Another excellent story is "Son of Kazan" (Cassell; 1917), which tells of Baree, a wolf-dog, from fascinating puppyhood. Rejected by the wolf-pack as an undesirable hybrid, he takes his lonely way, and plays his part in the revenge for a brutal murder. Such a bare outline does meagre justice to a marvellous book. Baree is a fierce, lovable, faithful beast, and once more Mr. Curwood makes his story as exciting and real as the most modern novel of city life. "The Treasure Hunters," by the same author, deals also with the Hudson Bay wilds, but the theme is a hunt for gold. A very little spice of love seasons it, and the company is interesting; but I must place Mr. Curwood's animal studies—they are much more than mere stories—first in charm and competence.



Randall Parrish.

Mr. Rex Beach has made good use of his knowledge of the North-West in "The Iron Trail" (1913), a story of man against nature, in which a promoter of big schemes—chiefly railroads—is opposed by a flash financier. The account of O'Neil's building of the steel bridge, against time, across a river valley, and of the pitiless advance of the two glaciers that threatened to destroy all at the very hour of triumph, is one of the strongest things this talented author has written. Miss Appleton, journalist, is the "best girl" of the book, and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Beach would have been wiser had he not yielded to the obvious temptation. His heroine takes a theatrical flight across the spidery girders of the newly-finished bridge to meet O'Neil—who, as the ice-dam suddenly gave way and released the dangerous pent-up floods, promptly proposed to her. It would be quite in keeping with the "pictures," but rather spoils the ending of a good novel. A more satisfactory book in many ways is Mr. Beach's tale of Cuba and the revolution, "Rainbow's End" (1916), with Americans as the principal

Frederick Niven.

actors. The dare-devil boy "Jacket" is an exceedingly well-conceived character, and the search for a beautiful girl through perils of guerrilla warfare, with her discovery disguised as a hunchback, meets all the conditions of excitement we can demand.

I must include, of course, a story of gold-nuggets; and for this nothing could be better than the simply-named "Gold," by Stewart Edward White, which reached its fifth edition in 1914. It is a stirring tale of the Californian gold-rush in 1849, of the mining camps where law, as we know it, was not understood, and the game was every man for himself. The reader who wants to gain a good idea of the events of those early years of Western civilisation when San Francisco was in the throes of birth could not do better than read this romance, which is founded on fact. Mr. White has written other books on similar lines, but nothing more convincing. His little tale "The Claim Jumpers" is a comedy of semi-wild life in which the author himself pokes fun at "Wild West" novels, and depicts the regulation beautiful girl of the camp—who turns out to be a Boston young lady of the purest blood; so we have plenty of sentiment, with a pretty plot, but not so memorable a book as he has given us in "The Rose Dawn," a brilliant romance of the land bosses in California. He has never done finer character drawing than here, or created a more delightful heroine than Daphne, with her fantastic, imaginary fairy friend "Dolmen."

Henry Oyen.

From gold to wheat is a transition justified by the idea that both appeal to the primitive in humanity. The vast wheat-growing lands of the West have their own peculiar romance, difficulty and danger, and in "The Desert of Wheat" Zane Grey scored a triumph. The local war between the I.W.W. and the farmers provides abundant material for adventure, and the description of the burning of the wheatfields and the fight against the spreading flames is thrilling reading. The hero, an American born of German parents, goes to the greater war in Europe with the first draft in spite of the efforts of the girl he loves and of his father to dissuade him; and although he returns, badly wounded, to his old Western home for a happy recovery, there is nothing formal or displeasing about this brilliant story. Among many good novels by this author "The Roaring U.P. Trail" is one of the most exciting. "The Light of Western Stars," a romance of New Mexico, is of the "cowboy" type, with clever contrasts between the life of East and West; but it lacks the springs of motive which raise "The Desert of Wheat" to a higher plane.

If it is not quite "cricket" to include Tasmania in the "wild West," my excuse must be that "Timber Wolves," by Bernard Cronin, embodies all the characteristic features of Western stories, and is in addition a very fine novel. From his offices in Melbourne the powerful timber magnate, Frame, pulls the strings so cleverly and unscrupulously that he controls a very profitable section of the Tasmanian timber region, crowding out all who try to enter the trade, caring nothing if he ruins a few promising ventures or breaks a few hearts and heads. The final outwitting of his gang of "toughs" is the theme of the story, and the author of "The Coastlanders" has nothing to fear from the most exigent critic if he continues to write with so sure a style and such fine management of his material.

Two extremely provoking recent books come next in my list—"The Strange Case of Cavendish," by Randall Parrish, and "Big Flat," by Henry Oyen. They are provoking because if you start one of them you have to finish it, no matter what happens. You may have intended a ten-minutes read before bed; bed-time will pass unheeded. The fire or the family hosiery may need mending; you—of either sex—will be unaware of it. If you are reading one of these books on a long railway journey, you are quite likely to give the guard your pocket-book instead of your ticket. I know, for I began one of them in the train at York and was horribly annoyed when I was thrown out at King's Cross with several chapters still left to read. Sure thing, Mr. Parrish and Mr. Oyen can get the drop on you, and you might as well put up your hands at once. "Cavendish" is a "great" story; mistaken identity is the foundation of it, but the theme is so deftly handled and so cleverly varied that the reader is not let into the secret until the end; and the assortment of villains is "best mixed," without a doubt. Stella Donovan, the New York journalist who is sent west on the trail of a "scoop" for her paper, is a smart and capable heroine; Hattie Lee, of the "Big Flat," is another. In "Big Flat" we have an entirely different kind of story, but one with just as much grip. Here the grasping representative of a pulping company defies the inhabitants of Big Flat district, who refuse to sell their land, but in the end he overreaches himself, and is beaten by the determination of a little group of men led by a settler whose energy and competence command success. Incident and character are both finely brought out in the prolonged struggle, and the account of the hero's adventures when he purchased a power-tractor to pull stumps and clear the land is a genuine bit of good humorous writing, with tragedy behind it in the reluctance of the settlers to adopt improved methods, to fight the new enemy with the best possible weapons.

It is books such as these two that give the reality of the Wild West, as opposed to, or contrasted with, the highly-coloured romance which has no pretensions

save the entertainment of the reader. Strip "The Strange Case of Cavendish" of its complicated plot, its detective atmosphere, and you have still a living picture of the rough town in its embryo, elementary stage; take from "Big Flat" its company-promoting financial basis, and you have a vivid and convincing idea of man wrestling with Nature for the health and wealth she will ultimately bestow. They are the New World—or rather, they are a facet of its many-coloured general glowing life; in the Old World, we feel, such things can hardly happen to-day. Pigmy man, scenery on the grand scale, crude passions, energy hacking a path through every tangle, and love—well, much the same, we must admit, as we know it over here: of such brave matter is the best type of Western novel composed.

I mentioned Mr. Frederick Niven, who has two strings to his bow—his fine studies of Scottish life and character, such as "Justice of the Peace" and "Ellen Adair," and his excellent Wild West stories. My own preference, among his descriptions of Western ways, is the book I alluded to previously, "The Lady of the Crossing," a charming romance of a township in the final stages of civilisation; next to this comes a regular revolver-and-hold-up story, "Hands Up," exciting enough to satisfy the most critical expert in this line. Needless to say, all Mr. Niven's work bears the touch of the artist in words and of the philosopher; he provides much more than mere entertainment—he gives sound thinking, ideas, the pleasure of well-wrought prose. The pages of The Bookman have already contained an estimate of his work, and I will only add here that among novelists who treat seriously this ever-fascinating theme of the open life in the open lands he takes the highest place for style and craft.

The "Wild West" novelist comes of a hardy race; as a type, he is probably immortal; and let us not think him insignificant in the domain of fiction. He lets us know that the world is still full of life and energy, and not a matter of watertight compartments. We realise, as we read, that at this very moment there exists a sphere of life in rough-and-ready lands where all our knowledge of business would be at fault, where the woodpile and the timber shack take the place of office-stool and suburban house; lands for which we could to-morrow buy our ticket and take our preliminary train. But we either lack courage or have not the physique; we are too comfortable, too "set." Let us give thanks, then, to these hearty fellows who write of primitive things, of humanity unsophisticated, and be glad that we can enjoy their stories—and wish we were young enough to emulate their heroes.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square. London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature in praise of music.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The Prize is divided, and Half a Guinea each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and Irene L. Watts, of Glyn House, Kingsgate, Broadstairs, for the following:

ANNIVERSARY.

April swings upon the bough,
Dances in the elfin breeze:
Not a bird is calling now
Through the arches of the trees.
In my little house of dreams,
Where no mortal feet may tread,
Silently the moonlight gleams,
Cold as lanterns of the dead.

Honey on a golden plate,
Wine, blood-red, in crystal clear:
Hasten, lest we be too late,
And the board be bare, my dear.

Fire, that on the hearth we lit,
Look, love! is it burning still?
Can you see the light of it
Dance across the window-sill?

Tip-toe at the door we stand,
So we paused—a year ago.
Now the latch falls to my hand.
Love, why do you tremble so?

G. Laurence Groom.

Ottwell Binns,

whose romance of the great North-West, "A Hazard of the Snows," was recently published by Messrs. Ward Lock.

SICILIAN LOVE.

Because I held your hand a little while
Beside the murmuring soft Ionian Sea,
Because I kissed you in a flaming Dawn
In Sicily—in Sicily,

I have grown old, and all my life a dream;
Still in cold English dawns all pearly grey,
I see your dark face laughing through the vines
At sunrise, in San Felice.

And in a lilac-scented London night,
White hands are gleaming by the Southern sea,
And all the great heart of the world aflame
Is calling, passion-wild, to me.

And my soul, made eternal with the stars,
Dwells by the dreaming soft Ionian Sea,
Walking all wondrous days, all starlit nights,
Alone with thee—alone with thee.

IRENE L. WATTS.

We also select for printing:

ROMANCE.

I rose e'er night was over,
And sang the lark her praises.
I found a four-leaf'd clover,
And gather'd dew-kiss'd daisies.

I laid them on her window-sill
When all the world was waking.
'Tis evening, and they lie there still,
And Oh, my heart is breaking.

(Norman C. Gould, Flat 2, 47, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.9.)

THE DREAMER.

They do not see, who stare at me
With little, life-sick eyes,
The lovely fire of my desire
Set flaming in the skies.

In quietude they think I brood
Within my hidden world—
Unloved and lone, as stick or stone
Into the darkness hurled.

They do not know, who see me go
Dream-shrouded down the days,
How memories stir, to make for Her,
Sweet-worded songs of praise.

O poor unblest! I bare my breast
Of dream and song and shroud,
That you may find therein enshrined
Safe hid from careless crowd

The happiness for which you press
Tired feet in every place—
And I have found with beauty crowned
Upon one quiet face!

(Claude Berry, 20, Godolphin Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Marjorie V. Miller (Manchester), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Elizabeth E. Dougall (Dollar), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Colonel Walter Keyworth (Bishop's Teignton), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), C. P. Y. Dawe (Montreal), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), James Paton (Natal), Hester Lawrie (Kersal), A. Thatcher (Birmingham), Dorothea M. Halford (Bealby) Margery Young (London, W.), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Ian Cameron (Putney), "Hermit" (Guernsey), F. Davidson (Bryansford), Mary F. Moore (Clitheroe), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ivan Adair (Dublin) G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), L. M. Priest (Norwich), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Ismay Trimble (Muswell Hill), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Margaret Marr (St. Ives), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Marjorie Ryan Bell (Birmingham), "Sarnicol" (Merthyr Tydfil), Rachel Bates (Liverpool), Joseph Nattrass (Middlesbrough), Sibyl Young (Hunstanton), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), A. L. Pearce (Sydenham).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

PASSOVER. BY BEATRICE BASKERVILLE. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"I looked at her, and looked again,
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH, *Two April Mornings.*

We also select for printing:

THE STORY OF JENNY. BY ELIZABETH SOUTHWART. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in."
LEIGH HUNT.

(D. A. Griffin, 22, Therapia Road, Honor Oak.)

NOT KNOWN HERE. BY MRS. WILFRID WARD. (Hutchinson.)

"A perfect woman."
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hampshire.)

DANCERS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN. BY STARR WOOD. (Angold.)

"See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Mabel Robertson, "Moresque," Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.)

THE SILENT CLUE. BY MARIE C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock.)

"All they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about."
J. W. RILEY, *Little Orphant Annie.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE WAY OF THE WINE PRESS. BY JOHN PAYNE. (John Payne Society, Olney.)

"We sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(H. G. Walker, 44, Cawdor Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.)

III.—THIS PRIZE, for the best quotation applicable to the Prince of Wales, is divided, and TWO BOOKS are awarded to Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, of 71, Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W.4, and Jessie Jackson, of 83, Walkergate, Beverley, East Yorks, for the following:

"Wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it."
TENNYSON, *Gareth and Lynette.*
JOCELYN IERNE ORMSBY.

"For never Prince in grace did more excel."
JOHN DRYDEN, *Great Fire of London.*
JESSIE JACKSON.

The extraordinary number of replies received is a wonderful testimony to the Prince's popularity. The

favourite quotation, sent by some scores of competitors, was Chaucer's "He was a very perfect, gentle knight"; several sent Rogers's "Blest with the charm, the certainty to please," and Shakespeare's "He is as full of valour as of kindness, princely in both"; and all these competitors are specially commended, in addition to Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Kathleen T. Mayson (West Hartlepool), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Gilbert H. Forbes (London, N.W.), E. Drake (Scarborough), Constance M. Shaw (Leeds), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Mrs. J. B. Young (Croydon), A. C. Marshall (Midlothian), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), M. C. Stanley (London, S.W.), Olive Forward (Cardiff), May W. Harrison (Lincoln).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Vincent Hamson, of 111, Dallow Road, Luton, for the following:

GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE. BY CONRAD GILL. (Methuen.)

Though written primarily as an aid to a school course in citizenship, this plain account of the government system of England is one we should like to see in the hands of every voter. Ignorance of the elementary principles on which our social life is based is the weakness of modern democracy, and were the qualification of the voter to become knowledge instead of age, we would make Mr. Gill's very interesting and useful work the textbook for study. As a treatise on local and national government, it is the best we have read for a long time.

We also select for printing:

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. BY EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton.)

The "Age of Innocence" is New York society in the seventies, and its hypocrisies and inconsistencies are unmasked by Mrs. Wharton with consummate irony. The chief woman character is Ellen Glenska, who is separated from a scoundrelly husband, and whom "virtuous" society regards with suspicion. The "eternal triangle" theme is treated with originality and freshness, and in its restraint and polish this novel is a marked contrast from most modern fiction. Ellen is generous and loyal to the wife of the man she loves, and the story closes on a note of subdued sadness—the pathos of an unfulfilled love.

(Winifred M. Davies, 37, Babington Lane, Derby.)

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER. BY ZANE GREY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Golden West! Accept the escort of "The Mysterious Rider" and you will find this El Dorado for yourself. For sheer magic of word-painting and creation of atmosphere Zane Grey must take a foremost place among modern writers. Columbine and her lover are very attractive, while Jack Bellounds is consistently detestable, yet all three lack the originality which has touched Hell Bent Wade to life. The other characters are finely portrayed, particularly the pathetic figure of old Bellounds. This book has power and charm, and should be as popular as any of its predecessors.

(Miss N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

Drawn by W. H. Caffyn. **George Goodchild,**

whose "Colorado Jim" (Hayes), the most successful of his half-dozen novels of the West, has just been followed by "The Alaskan" (Lloyd), and will shortly have another successor in "Trooper O'Neill," a tale of the North-West Police.

DEADLOCK. BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. (Duckworth.)

This book marks a decided development in the history of Miriam Henderson, through whose consciousness it is reflected. Though the form is materially the same as that of its predecessors, "Deadlock" bears evidence of a maturer skill, and of a surer handling of English. There are many involved and obscure passages, due mainly to Miss Richardson's eccentric punctuation, but interspersed with them are other passages of a quite definite beauty. The main theme is Miriam's relations with Mr. Shatov, a Russian Jew, accompanied by interesting digressions on women, books, and men, and the eternal fascination of London.

(A. R. MacPhail, "Cranford," Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), James A. Richards (Tenby), Grace Thompson (Hampstead), Lucy Chamberlaid (Llandudno), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), P. E. Bentley (Halifax), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Lucy Malleson (Kensington), J. W. Goodwin (Bealings), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Edith Robin (London, W.), G. D. (Brighton), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), Hugh Roberts (Bournemouth), Laura A. Ward (Halifax, Nova Scotia), Barbara A. Todd (Doncaster), F. B. Talbot (Ceylon).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. McDonnell, 12, Robert Street, Lancaster.

BAUDELAIRE.*

BY EUGENE MASON.

IT is not necessary to be a French scholar for one to take an interest in the life and writings of Charles Baudelaire. Baudelaire himself was an accomplished student of English literature in certain directions, and, more than any other writer, is responsible for the vogue of Poe and De Quincey in France. Moreover he is the subject of one of the supreme elegies in our language, Swinburne's wonderful "Ave atque Vale." Baudelaire very nearly enjoyed the privilege of perusing this masterpiece in the flesh, for it was

* "Charles Baudelaire: A Study." By Arthur Symons. 15s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

XUM

composed in his lifetime, some three months before he actually died, upon a false report of his death. Baudelaire would have enjoyed the experience, for not only is extreme justice done to his gifts, but the threnody is written with a classical sobriety he was peculiarly fitted to appreciate, and incorporates—almost transcribes—certain of the French poet's images into Swinburne's more fluent music. Now Mr. Symons issues a sort of prose complement to Swinburne's poem, and in "Charles Baudelaire, A Study," presents a criticism which covers practically the whole range of the Frenchman's work. The book is not a biography, for it contains little more than the bare facts and dry bones of Baudelaire's life, but it is a piece of work that no living writer was so fitted to produce as Mr. Symons, not only because of knowledge, but also by temperament and taste. We may not always be able to accept his conclusions — the present writer must emphasise some disagreement in the course of this review—but every competent critic will recognise ungrudgingly the considered principles on which those views are based. In a sense, even, Mr. Symons is too conversant with the French language, and too saturated with French literature, for his familiarity leads him to write such a sentence as "leading a deliciously depraved life," which in English simply sounds comic; whilst his knowledge of books induces him to incorporate in "Charles Baudelaire" a long essay on Villiers de l'Isle Adam, having but the very slightest connection with his immediate subject.

Baudelaire.
From a drawing by Manet, 1862.

Mr. Symons's qualifications for dealing with Baudelaire are so pronounced as to include almost a liking for his personality. It is not absolutely essential, I suppose, to love an artist whom one admires—it would be easy to adduce illustrations to the contrary—but a liking for the man certainly predisposes one to appreciate his work. "In our approach to the poetry, or to the prose, of any famous writer with whom we are concerned, we must necessarily approach his personality; in apprehending it we apprehend him, and certainly we cannot love it without loving him. As for Baudelaire, I must confess that, in spite of the fact that one might hate or love the man according to the judgment of the wise or of the unwise, I find him more lovable than hateful." I admit that Mr. Symons's expression of attachment is not very passionate, but even so it goes beyond what most of us would be prepared to subscribe. Baudelaire cultivated a cynical and starchy detachment; he went abroad scattering the most amazing tropes and theses, and gladly appeared under aspects which he imagined would astonish the simple. He dyed his hair a rural green; he compared the taste of a child's brain with the kernel of nuts; and he willingly embarked on casual conversation with the formidable opening, "after I had murdered my father." These may be legends, at least I am quite willing to believe them to be, but there is no smoke without fire, and such legends do not exactly portray a lovable character with an unconventional sense of humour. But Mr. Symons himself gives a description of a portrait of the poet. "His face and his eyes are contorted as if in a terrible rage; the whole face seems drawn upward and downward in a kind of convulsion; and the aspect, one confesses, shows a degraded type, as if all the vices he had never committed looked out of his eyes in a wide revolt." I suggest the description of this engaging personality would interest an alienist rather than the Brothers Cheeryble.

The fact is that Baudelaire is esteemed not by reason of his lovableness, nor for his excellent moral qualities, but because this extremely undesirable person happens to be a very great artist. On this matter the consensus of critical opinion is practically unanimous. Any voice raised to the contrary is felt at once to be an expression of distaste on quite other grounds than those of art. Victor Hugo declared that Baudelaire had brought a new shudder into literature, and poets of a younger generation have treated him always with marked deference. Mr. Symons in his turn praises, and indeed overpraises him with a fine enthusiasm. Had the critic been content to stay his hand at "'Les Fleurs du Mal' is the most curious, subtle, fascinating and extraordinary creation of an entire world ever fashioned in modern ages," we might have been moved to do protest; but on reading Baudelaire described as "the greatest French poet after Villon, the most disreputable and the most creative poet in French literature, the greatest artist in French verse, and after Verlaine the most passionate, perverse, lyrical, visionary and intoxicating of modern poets," we may express a mild preference for a less flamboyant criticism. Should it be true, then so much the worse for France. I can but imagine that Mr. Symons's conception of great poetry differs from that of his reviewer. Supreme poetry (to quote Mr. Lynd) is not only a transfiguration of life, but a noble transfiguration of life; and much of Baudelaire is ignoble. It will not do—as certain critics have tried—to speak of this disputable portion of Baudelaire's poetry as being composed in a heat of indignation. The holy and consuming indignation that makes a man lean was not in him. He wrote it in the delectation of his heart, and as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.

It does not follow that those who are unable to accept Mr. Symons's extreme claim for Baudelaire, have no proper appreciation of his genius. "Les Fleurs du Mal" is a title too largely comprehensive, for very many poems in the collection are quite unspotted. Its technical qualities are difficult to overrate, for it is a living counsel of perfection to the artist. Every inch of surface is worked over in the fashion to which Keats and Rossetti have accustomed the lover of English literature. And with this perfection of form goes a sense of Beauty in curious contrast with some spectacular ugliness and much sombre imagination. The

beauty is largely exotic, and derivative from the East. Baudelaire never forgot that early voyage to the tropics, where he was shipped off to prevent him becoming a poet. The perfume of the limes was ever in his nostrils, and his eyes were full of gracious figures, such as that of the young Malabaraise, in her thin muslin draperies, bearing her pitcher to the well. How much of the school of Loti is implicit in Baudelaire! We may not account him the greatest poet of France since Villon; but for reasons such as these we willingly accept him as one of the most consummate artists of his century.

HOMAGE TO KEATS.*

By Laurence Binyon.

As Mr. Shaw says, "There is no end to talking about poets; and it often prevents people from reading them." No one therefore has paid a truer homage to Keats, now that the century from his death is turning, than Mr. Cobden-Sanderson with his beautifully-printed "Anthology." The word suggests an arrangement of extracts; but this is really a choice of poems both major and minor, only "Endymion" of the former class being excluded. And from "Endymion" the editor has taken two of its finest things—the "Hymn to Pan" and the "Ode to Sorrow." In spite of the rich ore of beauty in this longest poem of Keats, the volume is strengthened by its omission. It is not a large volume, but how many masterpieces it contains! The marvel is that with so much of perfection achieved we are all convinced, and rightly convinced, that Keats's greatest work was still to come. It is extraordinary that people can ever dwell on his immaturity. It is his maturity that staggers. When he ceased to write, a year before his death at twenty-five, he was changing and starting afresh in a new spirit and with a new style; but his "first period" would have remained supreme in its own way as the early work, the "poesie," of Titian. Of all our poets Milton alone, had he died as young, would have left work as wonderful and consummate; but Keats's "Odes" surpass, I think, even the glorious work of Milton's youth.

The best homage we can pay to Keats is to read him afresh. None the less, the "Memorial Volume" which Dr. Williamson has got together with amazing energy and industry is welcome to all lovers of the poet. It would be welcome if only for the object of its publication, which is to secure the house in which Keats lived and wrote at Hampstead. But it contains some contributions which make it memorable in itself. Chief among these is the hitherto lost letter written to Woodhouse from Winchester in September, 1819, which belongs to Miss Amy Lowell and has been transcribed by her for this volume. It does not show Keats by any means at his most attractive as a letter-writer, but after a page of rather forced "rattle" about the journey down to Winchester, suddenly, without preface, our breath is taken away and we are transported into an enchanted air. Keats is copying out, as if it were a mere trifle, his just-finished "Ode to Autumn." But this is not all. "I will give you a few lines from 'Hyperion,'" he goes on: but the lines are not from the first "Hyperion," but the second "Hyperion." And this is a surprise for all the authorities, who have hitherto assumed that this second version was not begun till the poet had returned from Winchester to London.

It is remarkable how much attention is now focused on the second "Hyperion," as many pages in this volume bear witness; though to me it has long seemed remarkable that it has been so comparatively little appreciated. No one can understand Keats's growth, or the fullness of his nature, or the direction in which he was moving, or the yet greater greatness that he promised, who has not absorbed this poem. Mr. Shaw, who pays a tribute to Keats's geniality and capacity of detachment from his work, writes of "the two idle epics, voluptuously literary"; but he must have forgotten the "Revision of Hyperion," which shows a spirit so utterly changed from that which inspired "Endymion." It is the theme of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who rightly points out how the "Revision" should be read by the light of the "Letters"—those wonderful letters which seem to me to contain the wisest and most pregnant things ever written in English on the poet's creative art. Keats was constant and severe in self-criticism: criticism not only of his art, but of his nature, as the "Revision" shows. As Mr. Abercrombie says, this poem shows him "expanding his art so as to include those speculative convictions of his—what he called his 'Theology.' His art, in fact, was on the verge of becoming adequate to the man." It is good to see on so many sides recognition, not only of the strong and manly fibre in Keats's character, twined as it was with his

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, May, 1873.
Kindly lent by Mrs. Meynell.
From "John Keats Memorial Volume" (John Lane).

* "The John Keats Memorial Volume.' 25s. net. (Lane.)—"Keats: An Anthology." Selected and Arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net. (R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

supersensitiveness, but also of his intellectual strength and subtlety. On the intellectual side how much more interesting is Keats than Shelley, with his doctrinaire opinions! Perhaps, however, Shelley was on the way to slough these off: at any rate, Mr. de Sélincourt points out a most interesting parallel between the last, unfinished works of the two poets—the "Revision of Hyperion" and the "Triumph of Life"—each of them inspired by Dante, each "a poem of self-purgation." Shelley had taken Love for his lode-star, and Keats Beauty; and each records "a bitter confession of failure to shape his life according to the light that was in him."

I think in this volume the thing that moved me most was the page reproducing two drawings by Joseph Severn, hitherto unpublished. One is of the *Maria Crowther*, the brig in which Keats made that horrible two months' voyage to Italy; the other is "Moonlight at Sea," done on board her. Both drawings have that indefinable poetry of feeling which Severn put into his early work. Keats had seen these drawings made; he too had watched this moon rise over the dark, restless sea; and we remember what the moon's beauty had meant for him, the intoxication of its spell that drenches "Endymion," and we remember also the last sonnet and the "moving waters at their priest-like task." For the moment we are with him at that ship's side and share the torment of his thoughts.

Another precious document this volume contains: a facsimile of the manuscript of the "Ode to the Nightingale." Can it be, as Sir Sidney Colvin maintains, that this is actually the first draft of the ode? It is so smoothly written, with so few erasures or corrections; though the most famous lines of the whole poem owe, we find, their supreme beauty to afterthought. Keats's first version:

> "Charmed the wide casements opening on the foam
> Of keelless seas in faery lands forlorn."

would never have captured the minds of every generation, as the altered lines, with their final felicity, have done. But the all-important change of epithets is already made in this manuscript. It is hard to believe that a poem of such perfection of shape and richness of phrasing could have been born so complete. One would have expected a bubbling-up of words and images, a torrent poured out upon the page, before such distillation could take place. Yet we remember that Keats said that the "Psyche" was the only one of his odes with which he had taken "even moderate pains"; and the evidence of his friend Brown seems to prove that in the manuscript reproduced (Lord Crewe is its fortunate possessor) we have the actual sheets which Keats filled with writing as he sat under the tree in his Hampstead garden, and shoved behind the books in his bookcase afterwards.

Not only England, but many other countries join in the homage of this memorial volume. There are tributes in Spanish and Swedish and Serbian, and in various Indian tongues. It is as pleasant as it is unexpected to find that Keats's fame is so world-wide.

New Books.

WILLIAM JAMES.*

There is room for a new science which will investigate the influence of race and nationality on artists and philosophers. There is of course already a great deal of rather vapid theorising about the matter. Jews like Mr. Zangwill make wild statements about Judaism; others use and misuse the word Celt; Stewart Chamberlain talked—he may still talk—random and rotund nonsense about the Teuton; but no one has investigated scientifically the effect, if there be any, of race, nationality and climate on the artist's character. For instance, here is William James. Would his philosophy have taken the line it did, if he, like his brother Henry, had left America for Europe? It is evident, I think, that his Americanism had at times a bad effect. It made him, in studying religion, over-careful of the eccentric and too negligent of Catholicism. To the end of his life he talked of "Dagoes" when he meant Italians; and there is no doubt he was genuinely surprised that Italian philosophers, such as Papini, should have adopted his philosophy and advanced it more brilliantly than any other of his followers. He probably outgrew the ridiculous mood expressed in an earlier letter: "Damn Italy! It isn't a good thing to stay with one's inferiors"; but he was forty years old when he wrote that, and one wonders a little sadly whether anyone of James's mental calibre who was not an American could be quite so stupid.

It is just his Americanism, however, which makes James's letters delightful and possibly makes his philosophy important. His attitude to Europe is an awful correction to the more reverential pose of Henry, for whom Europe held the leisure and the culture which America neither gave nor appreciated. William James was Irish and Scotch by descent, and it may not be fanciful to see in him the industry of the one and the gaiety of the other. He had poor health as a young man and worked against difficulties which might have driven a less stubborn person to invalidism. Henry James, senior, was an explosive, dynamic person, whose character can be gauged from his vehement ejaculation: "I would rather have a son of mine corroded with all the sins of the Decalogue than have him perfect." One finds an echo of the father in William's dismay at the completely model behaviour of the students at Chautauqua:

> "The Chautauqua week, or rather six and a half days, has been a real success. I have learned a lot, but I'm glad to get into something less blameless but more admiration-worthy. The flash of a pistol, a dagger, or a devilish eye, anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people—a crime, murder, rape, elopement, anything would do. . . . I have seen more women and less beauty, heard more voices and less sweetness, perceived more earnestness and less triumph than I ever supposed possible."

William's natural bent was towards science, and he meant by science a free investigation into any kind of phenomena. He passed from physiology to psychology, from that to philosophy and religious theory, and did not disdain the study of spiritualistic manifestations. On this subject he rightly condemns Huxley's absurd, remote attitude. He saw keenly the futility of a refusal to look into phenomena because they appear to be trivial; the objection was certainly curious from a man who wrote a long book on the crayfish.

James had no taboos; he had prejudices, and occasionally in these letters he appears to contradict his own philosophy. For instance, in a noble letter to Mr. Wells, he writes:

> "*Rem acu tetigisti!* Exactly that callousness to abstract justice is *the* sinister feature and, to me as well as to you, the incomprehensible feature of our U.S. civilisation. . . I never

* "The Letters of William James." Edited by H. James. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Longmans.)—"Collected Essays and Reviews." By William James. 16s. net. (Longmans.)

THE NEW WAY OF LEARNING FRENCH AND SPANISH

Pelman Institute's Latest Achievement

THE inability of the average inhabitant of these islands to speak Foreign Languages has long been a standing reproach against us.

Disraeli, indeed, once said something to the effect that we were a race of barbarians, speaking no language but our own.

And gradually there has grown up a kind of tradition that the British people, for some mysterious reason, have no faculty for learning Foreign Languages, that some queer natural and national defect bars them from this important field of knowledge.

Sir E. Denison Ross's Opinion

Now this is altogether a false notion.

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XUM

heard of the McQueen case before, but I've known plenty of others. When the ordinary American hears of them, instead of the idealist within him beginning to 'see red' with the higher indignation . . . he begins to pooh-pooh and minimise and tone down the thing, and breed excuses from his general fund of optimism and respect for expediency. 'It's probably right enough'; 'Scoundrelly, as you say,' but understandable, 'from the point of view of parties interested'—but understandable in onlooking citizens only as a symptom of the moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess Success."

That is finely said; but is not the ordinary man's worship of success merely a rough translation of pragmatism into daily life? How did James's own philosophy leave any room for "*abstract* justice"? Surely his whole work was an effort to prove there were no abstractions or ideals, save those which were realised in the continuous growth of concrete virtues. I may here say that the volume of essays contains nothing which will add to one's knowledge of James's philosophy; but includes some very entertaining papers, and a very careful summary, admirably written, of his theory of emotion—a theory which, I believe, owes a good deal to James's Americanism. Americans do, more than any civilised people, induce emotion by whipping-up its expression.

The letters, especially those in the first volume, contain passage after passage of humorous description. William often complains to Henry of the novelist's indirect method, and certainly his own is straightforward enough. Here is a sentence or two from his account of a German household: "The great, thick remarks, all about housekeeping and domestic economy of some sort or other . . . the air of religious earnestness with which the eating of the father was talked about"; or these on Hegelians: "My ignorant prejudice against all Hegelians, except Hegel himself, grows wusser and wusser. Their sacerdotal airs! and their sterility! Contemplating their navels and the syllable oum!" His humour is always roused by Hegelianism. He writes to Croom Robertson, editor of that serious periodical, *Mind*: "Why don't you have a special 'Neo-Hegelian Department' in *Mind*, like the 'Children's Department' or the 'Agricultural Department' in our newspapers—which educated readers skip?" Although full of family details, the letters are oddly impersonal—they give, that is, very little idea of the character of his friends. Many well-known names occur—Royce, Bergson, Munsterberg, Schiller, Wells, Santayana, and there is a brief and tantalising glance at that elusive and fascinating creature, Henry Adams. Of James himself, as devoted son, husband, brother and father, one does get a very good idea, and that, I imagine, was the main purpose of Mr. Henry James who has edited the correspondence and supplied a very judicious connecting commentary. The result is a lively portrait of a very rich and generous personality—a man susceptible rather than sensitive, infinitely inquiring, of irrepressible gusto, of defiant and sometimes difficult joy, of extreme honesty and unwavering courage.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE MASTER SPINNER.*

Mr. Snowden tells us in the introduction to his book that it is first of all the story of a man's heart. And indeed, whatever importance "The Master Spinner" may have as a record of Sir Swire Smith's life as a public man, it is essentially to the man of innumerable friends that Mr. Snowden pays his homage. It is the story of a long life lived fully, whether in work or play, of a mind which defied age and adversity and kept the banner of enthusiasm flying for seventy-six years. Swire Smith was the son of a wealthy master spinner, and was apprenticed to his father's trade at a time when spinning was still a handcraft and the exportation of yarn and woven goods had hardly been thought of. At the age of twenty-three he formed a company for machine spinning and bent his energy to the aim of seeing England the loom of all the world. He spent his holidays on the Continent and, with an energy founded on iron health, studied technical education in Germany with a view to the improvement of industry in his own country. Mr. Snowden gives us a detailed account of Sir Swire Smith's work in founding the first technical school in England, of his lectures and meetings in Keighley and other northern towns advocating education in all branches of industry and art for the workers. Sir Swire could hardly be called an art connoisseur; neither did he aspire to that title. With charming frankness he confessed that certain of Turner's pictures were incomprehensible to him. He studied art at home and abroad, using "his critical powers in an effort to understand, and arrived, not at disparagement, but at a knowledge of his limitations." All of which did not prevent him from being an efficient secretary of the School of Art at Keighley, a branch of the Technical School for which he had worked so hard.

Mr. Snowden is fortunate in having had access to Sir Swire Smith's diaries. The extracts we find in "The Master Spinner" are chosen by an admiring and devoted friend, anxious to show the different facets of the crystal whose heart was Swire Smith's character. There are entries from holidays in Italy and Switzerland, where Sir Swire's delight transforms his notes to the pure lyrics of exuberant youth; there is a memorandum for an Alpine climb consisting of the most soul-forsaken enumeration of "necessaries" for the trip, which strongly impresses on us that here enters the man of method! There is also an account of a last meeting with a young lady to whom he could not propose because she was wealthy, and he had as yet no fortune to offer her. This is the end of that entry:

"But stop, my brain. Let me not befool myself further. My future, though hopeful, is blank. I have boundless prospects but no realities. My wife shall not be married to be my support, and I will destroy no girl's chances by binding her to me as I am now."

The atmosphere of vile melodrama releases an irreverent groan; yet, before one is half through the book one knows that one has met a man of perfect sincerity, in whose make-up no grain of affectation enters.

Very interesting also are the glimpses we get of "big business" in America; for Swire Smith did not limit his enterprise to his own country or his own trade, he had also important banking and land schemes on hand in Texas. These brought him in personal contact with leading personalities in America, among them the late Andrew Carnegie. Sir Swire's numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic will be happy to meet again in the pages of "The Master Spinner" the charming and undaunted spirit of a man who had such singular powers of forming lasting friendships.

R. KENNEY.

* "The Master Spinner: A Life of Sir Swire Smith, LL.D., M.P." By Keighley Snowden. 16s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

PRIVILEGE.*

Mr. Sadleir in his third novel, "Privilege," has taken for his theme a great house, the present-day sons and daughters of Lord Whern, and shows the house crumbling away from old greatness to nothing, presumably because of an inherent canker in the persons themselves. The tale is told by Richard Braden, the fourth child of Lord Whern, with whose funeral the novel opens. The new Lord Whern, Harold, is a robust sensualist who fills the ancestral home with orgiastic doings which, to tell the truth, are not quite so extraordinarily awful as we are given to suppose, though coarsely disorderly. However, Harold repents before very long, but before he can re-establish his feet in the ways of honour and orderliness he is killed while out shooting, presumably by the brother of a former servant girl, for the obvious reason. This brings Michael to Whern, the second son, very aristocratic, keen on public life and public service, married to a beautiful woman, and moving towards high place in the State. Richard falls in love with Barbara, his brother's wife, and

* "Privilege." By Michael Sadleir. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

she presently turns to him from Michael for reasons so inadequate and so twisted that we are far from sympathetic. Monica, the third child, Richard's senior by a year, is fast, intellectual, loud, slangy, blasphemous, the sort of girl who shone in the country-house rags that delighted the scandalised readers of sensational newspapers before the war. There is also Anthony, a boy of twenty, precious, exquisite, decadent, jade-collecting, perfumed; and Mary, aged eighteen, who is a trifle priggish and turns out all of a cat.

The tale pushes the world of England into the days of war. Monica had married a Hungarian, and managed to get back to England while her husband went to fight for his country. But in England she was in contact with the "governing classes," and her brother Michael deep in affairs of State. Alas, she wrote a long letter to her husband, disclosing most vital secrets, and this letter was sent through the post instead of by diplomatic pouch through a neutral country. The letter came to the Censor's hands and Michael's enemies in the Press and in Parliament made his position impossible. He went down to Whern and shot himself, leaving Richard Braden to become the next Lord Whern and to marry Barbara.

The book is a most arresting one, chiefly by virtue of its manner. It is written with great sensitiveness and a fastidious feeling for words and style. Mr. Sadleir's picture of the Whern family is closely and carefully painted. He has certainly taken the advice of Sidney's Muse—he has looked in his heart and written. And he has seen clearly what was in his heart, and he has written charmingly. So clearly and so charmingly that he will forgive the suggestion that what he has seen and described existed only within himself. The persons of the story, while never impossible, never doing or saying anything that is not well within their imaginary scope, are hardly real. Mr. Sadleir has abundant ideas, and out of them he has composed and fashioned his people, but it is difficult to accept that he has any real knowledge of the Whern milieu. Nevertheless, "Privilege" is a remarkable piece of work; it certainly stamps the author as one of the writers who may be expected before long to count for a great deal.

F. M. ATKINSON.

WHY WE SHOULD READ——.*

It is very easy to be cross with Mr. S. P. B. Mais. He is so terribly voluble, confident and insistent. His voice is always raised and you feel sure he would never confess to a doubt about anything. Sometimes, too, he is careless and slipshod. The fact is that he writes too much and gives himself no time to assimilate his discoveries. However, against all this must be set the atoning fact that he is a genuine enthusiast, with more than a share of the missionary spirit. He knows that books are splendid and delightful things and he can't rest till he has told everybody about the joys of real reading—not the listless absorption of matter provided by blameless librarians, but the vivid and even contentious co-operation of minds that offer something with minds that desire something. The thought that there are people who don't read in that excited way fills him with fury, and he is sure that they must have been intimidated by detestable creatures called critics. He sets to work therefore to win over these people. He approaches them on the level of their own enjoyments and then shows them something better—indeed, he doesn't so much show them literature as force literature upon them with the undeterred insistence of an advertising expert forcing a new food on the public. The present volume is directed in this spirit towards the comparatively unlettered. In the first fifty pages Mr. Mais talks about certain English classics—Fielding, Lamb, Boswell, and so forth; in the next hundred he discusses some contemporaries from Santayana of America to Sheila of Sussex. Then, after an intermezzo on philology, he concludes with a hundred pages

* "Why We Should Read ——." By S. P. B. Mais. 9s. net. (Grant Richards.)

ELKIN MATHEWS'

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*** General Catalogue free on application.

LONDON: CORK ST., W.1

on certain foreigners, from Montaigne to Dostoevsky. The subjects are arbitrarily chosen and the chapters have the manner of reprinted reviews. Half the book is quotation and the other half recommendations and testimonials. The hesitating, undirected person, vaguely attracted by things of the mind, and not quite certain what to do or how to proceed, may perhaps date a definite conversion to literature from a reading of this volume.

IRELAND.*

"Ireland in Insurrection" contains a brief account of the historical events leading up to the present disastrous state of affairs, and some suggestions as to a possible way out of the tragedy. But the kernel of the book is the account of the policy of force, sometimes called reprisals, but declared by the author to be often unprovoked and spontaneous. In summary, he asserts that in the autumn of 1920 there had taken place the burning of thirty-five co-operative creameries by forces of the Crown; the burning of whole streets and parts of towns; the "shooting-up" of numbers of villages, i.e., aimless firing along the streets and into the houses by forces of the Crown; the looting of quantities of goods, especially drink; wholesale, public and indiscriminate floggings of young men, both with whips and rifle-butts; the killing without trial of individuals, some when ill and in bed, by secret service men armed with revolvers (there is no question, apparently, of "ungovernable passion" in these last acts which seem to be carried out by a particular group); the wholesale destruction of farm stock and farm produce; the deaths of passers-by, women and children, due to panic shooting; the conniving at the sacking of the Catholic quarters of Belfast and driving out the inhabitants from their homes; besides such minor matters as smashing all the windows of a town, or cutting off the hair of young girls. In a long list he enumerates forty-eight wreckings and burnings of towns and villages, twenty-five "shootings-up" (besides the burnings of creameries already alluded to), beginning in September, 1919, and continuing to September, 1920, when Mr. Martin appears to have left Ireland. Mr. Martin devotes a special chapter to the *Weekly Summary*, issued officially to troops and police, containing provocative incitements to violence and threats of killings in reprisal. "If in future any member of His Majesty's Forces be murdered, two members of the Sinn Fein Party in the County of Cork will be killed. And in the event of a member of the Sinn Fein Party not being available three sympathisers will be killed," runs one extract from this remarkable publication.

Into the midst of these contentious topics Mr. Martin has inserted an account of the pilgrimage of sick and maimed to the miracle-working images in Tipperary, in order, he asserts, to show how foreign a country is Ireland to the Englishman. The equally estimable motive is probably that Mr. Martin found this miniature Lourdes both moving and interesting. His account of it, a strange picture of faith, deliverance and disappointment centring on an obscure street in the wrecked town, is vivid and memorable.

L. MASTERMAN.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.†

Upon opening "Deadlock" we know that we shall be surprised, annoyed, or gratified, according as Miss Richardson's art affects us,—but also that we shall never be bored. One cannot father Miss Richardson's style on any other writer, ancient or modern. It is a mass of intricate detail, apparently unco-ordinated, but eventually attaining a definite result of "atmosphere." One word will set in train a sequence of semi-related thoughts, all which are scrupulously set down, as though they affected the colour and quality of the plot. They don't. There is little or no sense of perspective: "the least shall seem unto thee as the greatest." Groping in a mist of parenthesised statements, one runs into "those obstinate questionings" so dear to this author—"What *were* Jews?"—"What *is* life?"—"What *is* obscenity?"—or the baffling "Why?" which stands as a stumbling-block to faith. Out of this disjointed debris, a story of sorts may be exhumed, fragmentarily. Miriam Henderson, the heroine of previous Richardson work, lives in a London boarding-house, and acts as a dentist's secretary. She and Shatov, a little Russian Jew, fall in love with each other. Shatov offers to renounce Judaism for her sake, but we leave her unable to decide, because Shatov has a "past." There is so much ability in this book (despite dreadful sentences like "she rapped avertedly towards Miriam")—so much interesting discussion—so much intimate realisation of human thought, however desultory—above all, so much variation from the usual type of novel, that one must ultimately commend it. Even those most bewildered by its audacious originality would confess that, in Miriam's own words, "there's a dead level of astounding . . . *something*" in it.

In amazingly direct contrast to "Deadlock," gleams "The Black Diamond." Instead of complicated threads of argument, and emotional *nuances* attenuated almost to invisibility, we have strong, rough, materialistic issues. "The Black Diamond" is sincere, simple, elaborately realistic: it deals with events and actualities in uncompromisingly honest fashion. The Diamond is a rough one, and his brilliance a fluctuating state. Abner Fellows, a young miner, is pursued by a malevolent and tragic fate which drives him out and on. He is not a Galahad as regards women, but he has a certain crude loyalty to his spiteful old father, to his worthless pal and to his selfish employer, which prevents him indulging his passions at their expense. We first see Abner supporting his father's young second wife and child by his earnings—and accused by his father, back from hospital, of a guilty relationship with the girl. A fight follows; and Abner, victorious, leaves home and marches on. The finale presents an almost parallel situation: Abner supports Mary Malpas and her children while her husband is in jail: the husband, returning unexpectedly, makes the old accusation: there is the fight, and the departure of Abner.

There is a fine artistry about this tale: a greatness of scope, within the narrow limits of experiences almost wholly physical, which recalls Hardy at his best. Mr. Brett Young has not yet mastered construction: there is no crucial and determinant scene or situation, but rather a succession of secondarily-important scenes. That the conclusion is virtually a replica of the beginning, seems an error of judgment. The culminant tragedy, the climax of passion and renunciation which one expects, always elude the grasp. Still, this is a notable, virile book: possessing the beauty of manner and of landscape touch which are peculiar to Mr. Brett Young.

After such *plein air* and vigorous masculinity, it is a definite drop to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "Sisters-in-Law." Without ungraciousness, one may suggest that Mrs. Atherton's Californian dames and damsels begin to pall. They reappear, many of them, in novel after novel: although none of them has sufficient vitality or importance to justify survival from one publication to another. These Californians are mere puppets in their author's able hands. She shifts them very deftly about the rooms of the doll's house, but they remain essentially unconvincing. Alexina, the leading lady of this chronicle, loves a young Englishman, Richard Gathbroke. So does Gora Dwight, an authoress. Alexina marries, for no special reason, Gora's brother, Mortimer. They lead an unhappy life: he turns out a gambler and a thief: Alexina leaves him. In Paris, during the war, she re-encounters Gathbroke, who

* "Ireland in Insurrection." By Hugh Martin. Preface by Sir Philip Gibbs. 3s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)

† "Deadlock." By Dorothy Richardson. 9s. (Duckworth.)—"The Black Diamond." By Francis Brett Young. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Sisters-in-Law." By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)—"Foreshadowed." By F. E. Mills Young. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

has been nursed by Gora Dwight. Alexina and Gathbroke agree to marry right away (the inconvenient Mortimer being shunted), and Gora "gets left." That is about all there is of plot. The rest (including many love affairs focused on the fascinating Alexina) is sheer padding. . . . A good deal of upholstered furniture is padded with dried seaweed, known as "alva," which has little resilience, and is prone to damp. One can't resist an analogy.

Miss F. E. Mills Young's "Foreshadowed" is, like much of her work, a trifle gloomy. The scene is laid in South Africa: the story is that of a girl who, to keep an unwise promise, marries one man whilst loving another. Subsequently, when she has repented at leisure, and has discovered her husband to be a rotter in all respects, Lois Ackroyd considers herself justified in surrender to her old lover. They arrange to elope, and the inopportune husband turns up. Having learned his wife's intentions, he is sufficiently *mari complaisant* to put a bullet through his head. This effectually frustrates Lois: and the curtain falls on her writing an eternal farewell to her lover. Not a new situation: but Miss Mills Young has handled it discreetly. Her book, though scarcely exhilarating, is interesting: and there is plenty of moral to it, for those who care to look.

The attitude of the modern woman towards matrimony may well be studied in the above four works of fiction. Those inside the magic circle of a wedding-ring, are struggling to escape: those outside it, fear to lose their freedom of self-expression by entrance. In fact, as Socrates observed on the momentous question of *To wed or not to wed*, "Do whichever you please; you are sure to regret it!"

MAY BYRON.

PSYCHOLOGY OF PHANTASY.*

As is well known, Dr. Long is one of the pioneers of psycho-analysis in England. She is more particularly distinguished as the first exponent of the system of the Zurich school of analytical psychology and as the editor of Jung's "Collected Papers." At a time when all sorts of erroneous ideas are current about psycho-analysis, a book from such an authoritative source comes most opportunely. It is to be hoped that it may help to stem the present tide of misrepresentation and exploitation, a danger which is peculiarly liable to beset any new form of science.

The word "phantasy" in the title is used as a generic term to include all unconscious products. Phantasies occur in the waking or half-waking state. They are not so purely involuntary as the dream, and usually not so bizarre. They may contain conscious elements, whereas the dream is purely of unconscious origin. Dr. Long shows convincingly how valuable the systematic investigation and suitable handling of these two forms of psychological functioning can be in the treatment of neurotics. She pours out a rich store of interesting examples. In describing her cases she shows a rare and keen insight into the subtleties and diversities of human conduct. In apprehending the subtleties she never loses sight of the main cause of psychological sickness, which she finds in undue persistence of instinctive trends of thought and conduct which prevent adaptation of the patient to the world of everyday reality. This persistence is shown to be the result in a great many cases of over-indulgence, or over-harshness or general ineptitude on the part of the parents or of later educational influences. The book should therefore be of great value to both parents and teachers. It might well become a vade-mecum. In this connection Dr. Long says: "I entertain a phantasy of my own, that in no very distant future parents and teachers will themselves seek to be analysed, not because they are ill or neurotic, but because they desire to take into account, in a practical and understanding way, the unconscious mind of their children and pupils which hitherto has had far too little attention." In one chapter extracts are given from the

* "Psychology of Phantasy." By Constance E. Long. 10s. 6d. net. (Baillière, Tindall & Cox.)

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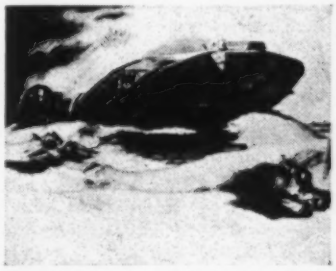

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book, "Father & Son," in which the younger Gosse describes the paralysing effect on his eager growing mentality of the harsh and one-sided philosophy of his father. It is true that this example belongs to a phase of life and faith that has passed away. Nevertheless dominating parents still make it difficult for children to be natural and education often enough tends to constrain the energies of the child or adolescent into a prescribed direction with disastrous results. These results are the most disastrous in the most sensitive individuals. Their conscientiousness may cause them to sacrifice their own development. A striking example of this is given in the chapter on "The Use of Subliminal Material." The dream of a neurotic lady who identified herself with her suffering mother is analysed. The free associations of the dreamer are tabulated and the reader may be almost startled to find that the piecing together of these associations gives an accurate representation of the patient's psychological situation in the early stages of analysis. This is an admirable piece of technique, on which Dr. Long is to be congratulated. It may be asked, what is the value of this representation? The reply is that, when understood, it is capable of giving rise to a new set of values and thus may provide the motive force towards a reconstruction of life. There are people whose conduct of life is influenced by unconscious prejudices, of which all the hard blows and buffets of the world will not make them aware. Why? Just because they are unconscious. They are called complexes. To use the language of another age, they are the devils behind the veil. These people can be helped by analysis. They may not cease to suffer, but they may cease to suffer *in a neurotic fashion*, through the knowledge gained of their own "complexes." It is better to suffer from the devils you know than from those you don't know!

Chapter X is devoted to a review of Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious." An excellent indication of its profound conceptions is given, which may stimulate students of the history of human culture to read the original.

The reader will gather that the writer is intimately conversant with the theory and methods of Freud. She wholeheartedly acclaims the value of his work, but her long experience has confirmed her conviction that the Freudian interpretation is too narrow to embrace the multiplicity of unconscious phenomena. From time to time she emphasises the need and value of the broader conception of the unconscious adopted by Jung. The book will go far to prove the practical value for treatment of that conception. The style is clear-cut and vigorous. Technical terms are used sparingly. It is a book eminently suitable for the general reader, but it is equally a book to be read by those of the medical and educational professions who desire to be versed in the latest conceptions of the science of psychology.

JAMES YOUNG.

BYRON'S GRANDSON.*

The unhappy marriage of Byron with Anna Isabella Milbanke was destined to affect one of their grandchildren almost as sorrowfully as it did the two principal protagonists of the painful drama. And this strange hereditary influence came into force a great many years after the original tragedy was played out and the poet long dead.

Byron's only child (by his wife), Augusta Ada, married in 1835 Lord King, subsequently created Earl of Lovelace. She knew nothing of her father, for her parents separated in 1816 (a month after her birth), and Byron died in 1824. During her short and tragic life, Lady Lovelace naturally espoused the cause of her mother, with whom she had lived until her marriage. Lady Lovelace died in 1852, the victim of cancer in a most appalling form. Her second son, Ralph (who later became Earl of Lovelace, owing to the fact that his elder brother, Lord Ockham, predeceased their father), was then thirteen years of age. The boy was brought up by his maternal grandmother, Lady Byron.

It may be granted at once that the poet's widow was a woman of strong mind and original views, and firm in the beliefs she held of Byron's character. She certainly was not easy to live with, though, of course, that drawback would not palliate the crime she laid to the charge of her husband—namely, that both before and after his marriage with her he carried on an incestuous intrigue with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. She asserted further that a child—a girl—was born of this connection which she, Lady Byron, took pity on and brought up.

Lady Byron made no attempt to publish these allegations in her lifetime, but she spoke openly of her wrongs to her friends, particularly to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who in 1869 (nine years after Lady Byron's death) made the story known through the medium of *Macmillan's Magazine* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. She did not claim that Lady Byron had authorised her to publish the allegations; and in the fierce controversy which ensued, the champions of Byron were able easily to prove that many of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's subsidiary statements were erroneous. In fact, her story only rested on the evidence of her conversations with Lady Byron: she had no documents.

In the meanwhile, Lady Byron's grandson, Ralph, had become immensely interested in this matter, which so vitally concerned his family history. From childhood he had been dominated by his grandmother's autocratic personality; she had educated him on her own peculiar system, segregated from other boys; she had moulded both his character and his opinions. Naturally, in these circumstances, from youth up he accepted her version of the history of her married life. He resolved to be her champion, to proclaim her wrongs and right her fame, for ever since 1816 the admirers of Byron the poet had placed the blame for his matrimonial debacle on the wife.

At the time of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's revelations he was thirty years of age and, after long delays, was coming into possession of his grandmother's private papers and letters. By inclination, right of birth, and as the possessor of documentary evidence, he resolved to devote his life to the solving of the tangled story of his grandparents' separation. It was a sombre and depressing task, and it darkened and obsessed Lord Lovelace's remaining years. The evidence he possessed, apart from the undoubted bias he held in favour of his grandmother's cause, compelled him to accept the truth of the accusations against Byron.

He published the result of his conclusions in 1905 in his remarkable book, "Astarte." It brought upon him much obloquy and hostile criticism from the poet's worshippers; but a few did justice to the conscientiousness the author had devoted to a painful task, which involved the vilifying of his own grandfather in order to redeem, at long last, the character of a dearer relative.

Lord Lovelace died eight months after his book appeared; and this memoir by his widow admirably presents the spirit with which he approached and accomplished his self-imposed work, the subject of which had so impressed itself upon his life of sixty-seven years.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "Ralph Earl of Lovelace: a Memoir." By Mary Countess of Lovelace. 10s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

DODO WONDERS.*

It is now nearly thirty years since the novel entitled "Dodo" first took the literary world by storm. One reason for its instant popularity was undoubtedly the personality of Dodo herself, who was considered in those days even more radiantly and strikingly feminine than she can possibly appear to the present day reader. But it must also be remembered that "Dodo" presented a new method in fiction, a method to which Mr. Benson has been consistently loyal and which is perhaps worth explaining.

The author of "Dodo" has never believed in analysing his characters; he allows them to reveal themselves by

* "Dodo Wonders." By E. F. Benson. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

their actions and more particularly by their speech. There is very little action in his novels and no plot to speak of; their chief attraction for those interested in novels and novelists is the exquisite way in which the author gets his effects, the brilliant dialogue which illumines character, motive and incident; all of which are often laboriously described or analysed for the reader's benefit by the modern novelist. Mr. Benson's methods have at any rate the supreme justification of success.

The history of Dodo is continued in "Dodo the Second," which was published in 1914. There we find her "like a rose full blown but without one petal yet fallen." And her countless admirers will be pleased to find her reappearing in "Dodo Wonders." She is now fifty-four years old; her wit has matured and perhaps her vivacity has sobered down a trifle; but in spite of being a grandmother she is more wonderful and captivating than ever.

What Mr. Benson aimed at in the creation of "Dodo" was "a type that revealed itself in an individual by oceans of nonsensical speech." He describes elsewhere in the inimitable Bensonian style how he wrote at first chiefly for his own amusement and how later the idea grew on him that a book might materialise out of his scribblings. Eventually he got as far as the death of Dodo's first husband, and then put his MS. aside.

Later, he found his manuscript of "Dodo," and re-read it with a sudden rekindled interest. The conviction was now definitely established that other people might be amused by it, and he wrote to his mother asking her to try and obtain a story-teller's opinion on it, suggesting Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) or Henry James, with both of whom they were acquainted. As soon as his mother obtained Henry James's consent the MS. was dispatched without further ceremony.

"I am such a fanatic myself," Henry James wrote, "on the subject of form, style, the evidence of intention and meditation, of chiselling and hammering out in literary things that I am afraid I am rather a cold-blooded judge, rather likely to be offensive to a young story-teller on the question of quality. I'm not sure that yours strikes me as quite so ferociously literary as my ideal. . . . Only remember that story is essentially a form, and that if it fails of its mission. . . . For the rest, make yourself a style. It is by style we are saved."

After a while the MS. was again submitted to a professional verdict—this time Lucas Malet. How her criticism was appreciated may be gathered from Mr. Benson's statement that her words remain to him "the first and the last words in the theory of fiction." She encouraged the young author by constructive if relentless criticism. As a result, "greatly exhilarated by this douche of cold water," says Mr. Benson, he revised what he had written and wrote the second volume as it subsequently appeared. The book was published in the spring of 1893, while its author was in Greece. And when Mr. Benson returned he found to his astonishment that in his absence "Dodo" had "arrived"! And now, in middle age, she has arrived again, making her third appearance in a book that is the most brilliant of the three.

M. JOSEPH.

THE AUTHORITY OF ART.*

Why does art fail to civilise the world? Why is there so much of it that does nothing for society? Why has it, in fact, no authority? Mr. A. Trystan Edwards answers these questions in a philosophical work of rare originality and power, with a view to show that art in our day has not risen to a true conception either of itself, or of its potentiality. There can be no hesitancy in the welcome to be accorded to this book. It makes a new claim, and makes it soberly and quite simply, yet profoundly. If the claim be admitted, art must acquire the authority of an immensely larger outlook and aim than it has hitherto found, and must do so on grounds essentially philosophical and moral. Æsthetics may even supply a demented age at least with sane ideals, and gently revolutionise our anarchy.

* "The Things Which are Seen." By A. Trystan Edwards, M.A. (London). 18s. net. (Philip Allan.)

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In saying so much immediately, I am aware that "The Things Which are Seen" must first provoke the widest of discussion, and that I confess a prior conviction of my own. It happens that I think the world has been more or less astray since Athenian times, and that, so far as I know, this is the first book which has radically sought to re-establish the dignity of Greek ideals. The effort is made with all the resources of modern thought and knowledge, and not by way of reaction; so that I am content to state the purpose of the book, and do not argue it. The times, indeed, are so much out of joint that many readers will need no further incentive to the book's perusal. Men catch eagerly at every doctrine that is opposed to materialism, however slight or foolish; and Mr. Edwards, whether or not he persuades all minds, has a theme neither foolish nor slight.

The point of view may be realised most readily when it is pointed out that æsthetics and morals are not opposed, but that in conduct the good is the beautiful. Mr. Edwards is here concerned, however, not with personal virtue, but with social. He would appraise virtue by its social consequence, and so he proposes for art a scale of values determined by the service of its activities. This is something like an attempt to combine Socrates' ideas of the beautiful, the good and the useful. The order in which art's activities should, as he maintains, be classed is novel. He puts first the cultivation of human beauty, then manners, dress and architecture; last painting and sculpture, mischievously distinguished as "the fine arts." Mr. Balfour says that love of the beautiful cannot guide us, because there is an infinite variety of taste. It does so in spite of that, replies Mr. Galsworthy; has done so since the days of Pithecanthropus. But Mr. Edwards would make the guidance sure by a statement of some æsthetic principles, holding that art is intellectual; and so he adds to his classification chapters on the nature of form, the grammar of design and the aspects of subject. "Every artistic renascence has been heralded by an intellectual renascence." The arts have flourished best in periods when reason was most active.

It is a thorough treatise. Besides all this, it considers the new position to be taken by the artist *vis-à-vis* the statesman, the engineer, the mathematician, the psychologist, the biologist, the historian, the moralist, and the metaphysician. And the thought is at all points fresh. Each must find it suggestive, even where it is most contentious and dogmatic, as it often is. There is, for example, a theory of insect life which offers to reverse the accepted rôles of reason and instinct—a theory bound to be considered, although it is launched in the interests of art and not of natural history. For, in Mr. Edwards's view, art must take life as a whole for its province, and build upon a philosophy that judges all the schools.

In a brief review it is not possible to attempt critical exceptions. I note only that there is nothing here about poetry and music, and that, while the omission may be excused from a book on the "visual arts," the author appears to have less sympathy with what is emotional than what is calm.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

BOLSHEVISM FROM BEHIND.*

"The poor people do not want any more fighting. I think they are quite indifferent as to who rules them, they want only Peace."

That is the opinion of Clare Sheridan, the English sculptress who adventured into Russia to make busts of Lenin, Trotsky and other leaders, and incidentally to compile a diary which I have been reading with great interest. Beside her book there lies on my desk a newspaper in which my eye catches head-lines: ". . . Russian Revolt . . . Severe Fighting . . . Petrograd in Flames. . . ." A striking commentary on her text.

Mrs. Sheridan does not set up for a prophet; indeed, she is modest, and apologises for her book. She need not. She has used her artist's eyes to good purpose, and has given us a set of pictures which are well worth looking at. Let us consider some of them at random:

Kameneff in London:

"Kameneff and I dined later at the Café Royal, and then went on to a Revue. . . . [*Another day*]: We lunched at Claridge's. . . . [*At the Isle of Wight*]: Kameneff began to write verses . . . on the back of a five-pound note. . . ."

Well, well, I have seen a Labour leader enjoying his champagne at dinner.

Contrast this:

"Kameneff says: . . . that the idea of God is a domination and that he resents it, as he resents all other dominations. He talked, nevertheless, with great admiration of the teachings of Christ, Who demanded poverty and equality among men."

In Moscow, talking to Mr. Rothstein about nationalisation of women:

"I happened to say that this had done more to harm the Bolshevik cause than almost anything. . . . Mr. Rothstein interposed rather sharply, 'Well, a little select circle which reads the *Morning Post* perhaps believes it.' Is it possible, I wonder, that he is right, and that the 'little select circle' do not count as much as I have all my life taken for granted that they did?"

Describing a service in St. Saviour's, in Moscow:

"It is surely the deep religious feeling in Russia that has sustained these people through all their years of privation, and prevented a greater chaos."

Lenin, she says, has "a genial manner and a kindly smile." Trotsky behaved very nicely, "his manners are charming." Indeed, throughout her stay she seems to have received much more civility than suspicion. Dzhirjinsky, the organiser of the Red Terror, proved to be a sad-faced man who had completed eleven years in prison when the Revolution delivered him. "Obviously," Mrs. Sheridan remarks of him, "it is not the abstract desire for power or for a political career that has made revolutionaries of such men, but a fanatical conviction of the wrongs to be righted for the cause of humanity and national progress."

It is a book that will probably cause controversy, but one feels its sincerity at least.

I nearly forgot to mention the excellent illustrations. Dare I add that not the least charming of them is the frontispiece?

F. D. G.

* "Russian Portraits." By Clare Sheridan. 10s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

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If it was a considerable achievement—and it was—to select and bring together the world's hundred best books, it was a more ambitious and a much more considerable one to gather from all the literature of the world the thousand best short stories. The choice in the matter of great books had certain obvious and convenient limitations; there was no need to turn aside off the broad highway of letters in search of them; but short stories were a vastly different proposition, for some of the best have been written by men who are so far from ranking among the acknowledged great that to the majority of us they are unknown; yet if the task were to be thoroughly done these must be sought for and brought in out of the by-ways and backwaters and given their due place in the general scheme.

And the task has been carried through in these twenty volumes with a thoroughness and a soundness of taste and judgment that reflect the highest credit on the editor and the international board of literary critics who assisted him in an advisory capacity. There is a current idea that the art of the short story is an essentially modern development; the fact is that, though it has undergone many mutations and, in the last fifty years, has taken on new forms and been brought perhaps to a subtler degree of

* "The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories." Edited by J. A. Hammerton. 20 volumes. Illustrated. (Educational Book Co.)

perfection, it is almost incalculably older than the novel and has, indeed, a record that loses itself far back in the twilight of antiquity. Not the least valuable and interesting thing about these volumes is that, with the admirable introduction to each and the arrangement of the contents, they resolve themselves into a complete history of the short story, enabling the reader to follow its growth and its changes of manner and form all down the ages the world over, from that first strange tale of early Egypt—Khafri's tale of the erring wife, who was "the militant suffragette of her time, contending for the revival of the old woman's rights," which was written nearly five thousand years B.C.—down to tales by many of the most famous of living authors, including a separate selection, in the last volume, of the most brilliant stories of the great war in whose shadow we are still walking.

One despairs of giving within reasonable limits any adequate account of a work of such breadth and scope as this, and I shall do more justice to it perhaps by contenting myself with a summary of the contents of each book. The first volume collects the earliest stories of Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, China, Persia, Mediæval France and Italy, and elsewhere, and closes with the Italian renaissance. The second is devoted entirely to Italian stories from the fifteenth century to our own times; the third, fourth and fifth to French stories, and the sixth to French and Belgian. Three volumes are given to English, one to Scottish and one to Irish and Overseas stories. Russia has two volumes and America three. One volume contains Spanish and Portuguese, one Scandinavian and Dutch stories, and the final volume collects British, American, French and Italian stories of the war.

There is every justification for the claim that in no country has there appeared any similar work comparable with this Library in its world-wide range and historic importance. It is a great possession, offering not only a liberal education in the whole history and art of the short story, but a body of the most varied and delightful fiction that is anywhere procurable. There are inferior patches in the collected works of even the greatest authors, but here they are always at their best. The very appearance of the books is inviting; the pages are large, the paper good, the binding artistic, and the two hundred beautifully reproduced illustrations add not a little to their attractiveness. There can be no question that this will take its place as the standard library of its kind; the whole thing has been done so exhaustively and so well that it is not likely to be done again in our time.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CONRAD THE STATESMAN.*

The other day a living novelist indulged himself in the pronouncement that the present taste for Conrad is a piece of snobbery—that people read Conrad because it is "the thing" to read Conrad. Well, if it is "the thing," it is for once a remarkably good "thing"; and if the embattled legions of snobbery and jobbery and robbery could be got to read and digest such a paper as that called "Autocracy and War" in the present volume of essays it would be a specially good thing for all of us. That Mr. Conrad has a remarkable mind must be apparent to all who consider his life and achievement; but that he has a mind of the statesman-like quality here revealed may be considered less obvious, at least to Englishmen, who are pathetically attached to a belief that there must be a rigid separation between politics and ideals.

Yet no one but an Englishman could resist the logic of facts. Consider. Think of any statesman whose name abides as a tradition, and you will find that he was a man of ideals, that he brought to statesmanship a mind deepened and broadened by contact with the life of the soul. On the other hand, recall to memory those who were called "sound, practical politicians," men with "no nonsense" about them, men of "facts" and not "ideals," and what do you

* "Notes on Life and Letters." By Joseph Conrad. 9s. net. (Dent.)

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find ? Simply this, that only with difficulty can you recall any of them to memory at all, so utterly have they and their " facts " and their " plain, practical common sense " perished. And yet we go on trusting them, while we denounce the others as " idealists " and " visionaries "—or worse ! Coleridge once remarked that the surest way to make a foolish ambassador was to bring him up to it ; and though the truth of this is a matter of plain, indisputable fact (on which we set such store) we still go on in the same old way. History repeats itself merely to exhibit our refusal to learn its lessons.

Well, here is Mr. Conrad giving all these things proof. If there is one public matter over which our practical politicians have blundered more tragically than over anything else, it is Russia. Before the war, during the war, since the war, they were, and still are, clearly wrong. No utterance of any practical politician has got to the root of the matter so unerringly as this paper by a mere novelist, written (observe !) sixteen years ago ; for the war from which Mr. Conrad drew his lesson and from which the practical politicians drew precisely nothing at all was the war between Russia and Japan. I had marked several of its thrillingly prescient passages for quotation ; but I will leave the reader to find them for himself. I will cite merely a few lines. Speaking of the old infatuated fear in Europe of Russia's slow and invincible might, and the instant and utter defeat of this Undefeatable by Japan, Mr. Conrad has these words :

" This very ignominy of infatuation should make clear to men's feelings and reason that the downfall of Russia's might is unavoidable. Spectral it lived and spectral it disappears without leaving a memory of a single generous deed, of a single service rendered—even involuntarily—to the polity of nations. Other despotisms there have been, but none whose origin was so grimly fantastic in its baseness, and the beginning of whose end was so gruesomely ignoble. What is amazing is the myth of its irresistible strength which is dying so hard."

The myth of Russia's irresistible strength, derided and exploded by Mr. Conrad in a public, printed discourse of 1905, was in 1915 the firmest article of our national faith ; and, to complete our humiliation, since the end of the war (such an end as there was) there have arisen adventurers on land and sea whose aim it has been to restore that grisly spectre and its mythical terrors, and our " practical politicians " have backed and boosted every one of them !

I have dwelt on this single paper because it is the most important in the volume. Naturally most people will turn first of all to the essays that discuss some aspects of Mr. Conrad's own art and the practices of his fellow-craftsmen. They contain many admirable *obiter dicta*, but they are slight and frankly occasional. What I hope to find Mr. Conrad producing some day is a collection of essays, of the old quarterly length, upon some of the great writers of the west—let us say Flaubert and Stendhal for a beginning. The strength of the present volume is undoubtedly in its central political portion ; but the whole book is a revelation of a strong, courageous, interpretative mind. I hope it will be " the thing " to read it.

G. S.

Novel Notes.

THE TOUR. By Louis Couperus. 8s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Ever since the days of Heinemann's old international library of fiction the judicious have known and admired the name of Couperus. Then came, just before the war, Heinemann's edition of the Dutch masterpiece, the four books of " Small Souls " ; and last year Mr. Butterworth issued a version of that mordant study, " Old People and Things that Pass." It is with the greater regret that we we must say that " The Tour " is scarcely worthy of Couperus's reputation. It is an attempt to give us a glimpse into the life of a Roman patrician of the early Empire, not in Rome or in Italy, but in a voyage to Egypt and the desert. Mr. Couperus gets local colour, but he never attains the stiff, hieratic effort which made Flaubert's " Salammbó " one of the world's great books ; and he never achieves the more melodramatic success of Bulwer Lytton or Whyte Melville. " The Tour " is a book of brilliant waxworks, and one gets tired of the continual subservience of every one, from Thrasyllus, the philosopher, and Catuluss, the comic uncle, to Cora, the beautiful slave. They all bow and make allowances for the stupid gestures and selfish whims of Lucius Sabrinus. There are wonderful descriptive passages in " The Tour " and no lack of movement and strongly imagined dramatic situations, but, on the whole, we hope Couperus will return to those intimate studies of Dutch life which occupy an unassailable position in European letters.

MAUMBURY RINGS. By G. V. McFadden. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No doubt a hard-headed, unemotional American detective (of fiction) would point a hundred improbabilities in the proceedings of Demas Chaldecott, Bathia Loveridge and the other characters in G. V. McFadden's " Maumbury Rings," but I am not an American detective (of fiction) and I abandoned myself with delight to the complications and thrills and *hullabaloos*, and was exceedingly sorry when I came to the last page. Here are, really, two books in one cover. In one the author tells the story of a young schoolmaster who married for hate instead of for love, and what came of it all, and how the wicked Peverells nearly brought him to the gallows, and how Parson Willavize snatched the noose from his neck, and how sweet Bathia Loveridge found a lover where she had looked for a friend—and divers other matters and things all very pleasantly related. But the other book is as a little stream that runs modestly through a wood, almost hidden by the overhanging bracken, but there to be seen and drunk from by the seeker. And the waters of this brook are the reflections of the author, little flashes of humour and grave observation, never obtruded, but rather set down as though by chance. And therein lies the cunning of it. A right cheerful tale, told quaintly and gallantly.

BOURGOYNE OF GOYNE. By Christine C. Thomson. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Ronald Bourgoyne, the heir of an old family fallen upon evil days, on his return, maimed, from the war, yielded at first sight to the charms of the rich and somewhat mysterious widow, the Countess de Loigneux. His sister Muriel and Patricia Heron, whose hero he was, instinctively distrusted the rich and fair unknown, and soon the sister had some definite grounds for her suspicions. She discovered that the Countess, while a guest at her brother's house, had mysterious midnight visits from a foreigner. Her inquiries in London led to the discovery that the Countess was one of a notorious gang of cardsharpers at Monte Carlo and that her visitor had been a brother escaped from prison and bent on blackmail. At a dramatic meeting in London Ronald had his eyes opened to the truth, and the Countess made a hurried exit from English society. But Patricia Heron's dreams did not come true, though she was the means of helping Ronald to discover the lost jewels that formed the Luck of the Bourgoynes. For an accident enabled Ronald to marry his first love, Diana Northcote, and Patricia knew the bitterness of renunciation.

O'ROURKE THE GREAT. By A. A. Lynch. (Hutchinson.)

In 1896 Colonel Lynch published a series of character studies entitled " Men of Genius," and in " O'Rourke " we have a progression of the same mind. Some of the pen-portraits carry us back to the earlier book. We have, for instance, the somewhat pedantically named Clacbus :

" One beheld a rubicund face, eyes that O'Rourke had seen shining in the early part of the evening like the green lamps of a train, a rather stockish frame set four-square to the world, white locks that framed a countenance capable of expressing deeper statesmanship than seemed necessary in this assembly. Clacbus was the champion of Liberal doctrines, and greatly esteemed for his readiness to compromise whenever he ran

athwart any large vested interests. His sole idea of life was that of a mid-Victorian conformity; his only excess, at least in the sphere of ideas, was moderation; and he had, in a desperate crisis, played the safe game so far that he had endangered the existence of the nation and compromised the future of his party."

Such a portrait, admirable as it is, would, as having nothing to do with the story, be inadmissible in a mere novel, but "O'Rourke" is both more and less. It is not concerned fundamentally with human beings, their griefs and joys; it is a study of contemporary politics and it is remarkable for its intimate knowledge of the subject. Since as a boy at school the author broke bounds in order to buy papers and study the political news, he has maintained his interest in these matters. He sat in Parliament for an Irish constituency, and in "O'Rourke" has given us the story of an Irish election with, incidentally, an exposition of that moderate spirit which Sinn Fein has disowned. O'Rourke is really and truly a great man, a long-headed Celt who advances his own interests by advancing those of his country. He is possessed of those qualities which have made the Irishman in America a force for good, a man who realises that by improving conditions he is making the world a better place for him and his to live in; who sees, in fact, to the heart of things. The crux of the book is Chapter XXIII. O'Rourke, describing his struggles, voicing his hopes and fears, is not only a politician. He becomes compelling, the everyday man who does his best according to his lights, "not getting any younger, no, remimber that the best part of me is behind me." In this Irish shopkeeper, the Member for Ballydrumbeg, the man of moderate counsels, the shrewd fellow who though opposed to the payment of members pockets the money without a word, we have not only a typical Celt, but a flesh and blood man. In "O'Rourke the Great," Colonel Lynch has given us a book which will rank high among English or Irish political novels.

THE PORT ALLINGTON STORIES AND OTHERS. By R. E. Vernède. 9s. (Heinemann.)

Alas, for poor R. E. Vernède! We lost much when he fell in the war. Some of his poems will live, and in the new volume of short tales which lies before us, we have fresh evidence of his bright powers as a writer of fiction, of his merry humour and acute observation. Among many light and joyous pieces in this collection, we would select "The Offence of Stephen Danesford" as the best. We laughed aloud more than once when reading it; it is a sketch of the struggles of an obscure literary and philosophic society after culture, and is brimming with fun and sarcasm: "It was less easy to fix on the Philosophy courses. . . . Few members could, for the moment, recall the names of the philosophers they were interested in; and though Miss Atkey had a list of her favourites in a book, the book happened to be at home, and Miss Atkey rather fancied she had packed it away for the summer." Vernède's "Port Allington" is as fully and as delicately exploited as E. F. Benson's "Riseborough." The local characters are studied as pitilessly. As for the other tales, they display a fine versatility and invention, especially the brilliant "Maze."

The Bookman's Table.

GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE. By Conrad Gill, M.A. With the collaboration of C. W. Valentine, M.A., D.Phil. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The main purpose of the joint authors in writing this book is, they inform us, to supply the needs of teachers in continuation and secondary schools. And the needs of teachers are great. They have a tremendous task to accomplish. For now that we have in theory an almost complete form of political democracy, it becomes more and more important to transform our ignorant and largely apathetic masses into thinking beings equipped with some

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The Burning Secret
By STEFAN ZWEIG. (*Shortly*) 6s.

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knowledge of society and the facts and principles of government. Most of us are ready to shout loudly for some reform that appeals either to our sentiments or our interests; few of us are prepared to study the framework of the society into which our reform must fit, or the machinery which can give effect to our demands. Indeed, this is one of the weak points, not merely of the masses but of most "reformers" as well. They will often "cry out violently for improvements which all the time it is possible for them to get if they and their fellows would use the powers in their local town council"—about which they are so often ill-informed. Here, then, is an excellent handbook for both teacher and pupil. Beginning with local government, it works steadily and exhaustively through the long series of steps to the relationships between State and Society. A comprehensive and most useful piece of work.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Margot Robert Adamson. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

The fact that some of Miss Adamson's poems have appeared in the columns of *Common-Sense* and *The Socialist Review* gives the key to the spirit of the earlier portion of her book. She is something of a pacifist, and her war poems are full of lamentation for the apparently senseless waste of millions of lives, and hot with indignation against the statesmen and others who, having won the war, have lost the opportunity of making a clean and lasting peace:

"Freedom and Truth and Justice—and War's chance!
Stuff with ideals Europe's reeking maw!
Let our sons' blood make red the fields of France!
While we prolong the war!

"Lo! a new world, that leaguered shall arise!
See, in the east, its bright sun, rising red—
Showing to God, and earth's uncaring eyes
League upon league of the unnumbered dead."

That, written in July, 1918, is typical of Miss Adamson's outlook and expression. But not all her pieces are concerned with the war. There are a number of good nature poems in her volume, some of them having a real breath of wind and smack of earth.

Music.

THE PIANOLA.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

TO prevent misunderstanding let it be premised that the word Pianola (with a majuscule) is like the word Kodak or the word Tabloid, the specific name of a proprietary article. In the remarks that follow I shall use the word pianola (with a minuscule) to signify any piano played by pneumatic mechanism, without reference to the instruments of any particular maker.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. George Sampson.**

A practical discussion of the pianola must start with this axiom, that the pianola has come to stay—that it is now, like the gramophone and the telephone and the aeroplane, a definite addition to the mechanism of modern life, and that we must therefore (in the best sense) make the best of it. Sensible people must treat facts as facts, and not as fancies. Denouncing the pianola is as futile as damning the Equator. By all means hang the Postmaster-General; but don't hurt the telephone.

In reality, there is more call upon our admiration than upon our magnanimity; for the pianola is a wonderful and beautiful instrument. As an educationist I demand one for every school; as an amateur of music I desiderate one in every home. It has its limitations. Whatever the advertisements may suggest, it will not give you the mighty left hand of Busoni or the magic right hand of Pachmann; but it will give you a very great deal. It is, I repeat, a wonderful and beautiful instrument: but like other wonderful and beautiful instruments it must be properly used. The ancient gibe that the pianola is mechanical can be soon dismissed. Of course the pianola is mechanical, because the pianola is a machine; but remember that the piano is also a machine, and the organ a whole big box of gadgets. If there is in the wide world any machine more entirely and desolatingly mechanical than the piano with its keys relentlessly smitten by the rigid hands of young ladies in the suburbs I desire to know it in order to avoid it. The pianola, like the piano, is just as mechanical as you choose to make it. If you have a mechanical mind, your pianola, like your piano, will be mechanical; but if you have genuine musical feeling, a sense of tone, rhythm and values, your pianola will respond as readily as your piano. Indeed, in many respects more readily; for its fingers answer instantly all the demands of the music and have never to struggle with technical difficulties. Remember that, in essence, a pianola is a piano; it has the merits of a piano and the limitations of a piano; you must not expect either pianola or piano to be organ and orchestra as well.

There are good pianos and indifferent pianos. When you are choosing a pianola you must consider it first as a piano. Play it, or get a musical friend (not the show-room salesman) to play it for you, as a piano, without any reference to the mechanism. That is very important. It is of course unlikely that an elaborate pneumatic action would be fitted to a really bad instrument; but still there are undoubtedly great differences, and some people think they have a poor pianola when they really have a poor piano.

Having made sure of your piano, turn next to the player. You should regard the 65-note machine as obsolete, and consider only the full scale (88-note) instrument. They are quite distinct. The rolls and perforations are larger in one than in the other, and no interchange is possible. I can speak with authority on this point, as my own instrument is what is called a "double-tracker," and will take either 65- or 88-note

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rolls. The superiority of the latter in every respect is incontestable. You will of course see that your instrument is fitted with the "solo device" which picks out the *cantabile* passages in such a surprising fashion; but as this is the most obvious "stunt" of a good pianola the salesman will be sure to exhibit it. You must make certain that the piano action is not too heavy for the pneumatic mechanism. I have heard instruments that refuse to produce a trill unless they are played as the Irish crowder played his fiddle, "by main shtrength." When the salesman has shown off his "party pieces," get him to put on for you the mechanicians' testing roll or insist on his playing for you such a piece as the *Venezia e Napoli* (both *Gondoliera* and *Tarantella*) of Liszt, or the first Liszt-Paganini study (the Tremolo study), so that you may hear if the trills and repetitions are lightly and instantly taken. The last variations of Beethoven's Op. 111 would be an even more severe test of the trill. Indeed this is one of the pieces almost impossible to the pianola; but then it is impossible to all but a few pianists.

You should see that the "tracking" mechanism is good. The roll must come taut over the bar without the least sign of bulging or billowing. On modern pianolas the rolls track automatically; if the machine you contemplate is not automatic, you should see that there is reasonable means of adjustment, that is to say, you must be able to align the roll so that the perforations come exactly over the holes in the bar. Some rolls are very defective and need frequent adjustment.

The rolls, indeed, are the necessary evil. They are bulky and awkward. In practice they are limited in size, and so some pieces, for instance the first movement of the Emperor Concerto and the last movement of the Choral Symphony, have to be cut in halves. But rolls might be bisected more intelligently. Thus the Scherzo of the C minor Symphony leads triumphantly into the Finale by a wonderful "bridge" passage. Apparently the roll will not take both Scherzo and Finale together, so the movements are divided; but the "bridge" is left with the Scherzo and simply leads nowhere. It should certainly have been put with the Finale.

Whenever you can, play from a score and disregard the markings on the rolls. They are sometimes grotesquely misleading. I have rolls of pieces (fortunately familiar) that would be caricatures if the tempo line were exactly followed. What I do with some of the moderns whose scores I don't possess I tremble to think! It may seem contradictory after this to say that the rolls are not marked nearly enough. As a rule there is no indication whatever of barring and phrasing. Thus, Bach's Organ Prelude in D major, which, if I may use a bull, actually begins with a rest, begins on the pianola with an accented note if the player does not know the piece or has not the music before him.

But my chief complaint against the roll-makers is that they seem to regard the pianola mainly as an instrument for the unmusical. Surely one of its purposes should be to widen the horizon of the musical! Theoretically all the world's great music is available: practically it isn't. The inclusion of standard pieces in the catalogues seems to proceed on no principle at all. Why should Mozart's Requiem Mass be obtainable complete when there is not a single number of Beethoven's Mass in D and not a single transcription of any choral work of Bach to be had? Why should fourteen numbers from "Parsifal" be available, and only two from "Tristan"? It is an astounding fact that, as far as I know, the Prelude to "Tristan" is unobtainable for the full-scale instrument. The additions to the catalogue are not satisfactory. I take as an example the list for last month (March) issued by the Aeolian Company. It contains twenty-two new pieces for the full-scale instrument. Of these, eight are fox-trots or one-steps; three are arrangements of popular songs; two are popular operatic or revue selections; eight are light "drawing-room" pieces of the "Fire-flies" and "Gossamer Wings" type; and only one is of the kind that could interest the serious musician—a Concert Study by Goossens. You get eight new fox-trots and one-steps in a single month; but meanwhile the full-scale catalogue of the Aeolian Company contains only one movement of one Brahms Symphony, only one Brahms Sonata, only twelve of Bach's "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and no sign of any addition in these directions. The list of song accompaniments for the full-scale instrument is ludicrously weak.

There are many things I might say in addition, but I have already been too long. Some day I may be allowed to return to the subject. I began by calling the pianola a wonderful and beautiful instrument: I conclude by calling on the pianola makers to believe seriously in the wonder they have created.

MUSICAL TASTE IN ENGLAND, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GRAMOPHONE.

BY J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, ERNEST NEWMAN, JOSEPH HOLBROOKE, NORMAN O'NEILL, EDWARD GERMAN, EUGÈNE GOOSSENS, ARNOLD BAX, JULIUS HARRISON, LANDON RONALD AND CYRIL SCOTT.

"AS to the musical feeling of the English," writes M. Jaques-Dalcroze in his recently published "Rhythm, Music and Education" (Chatto & Windus), "it is by no means of so low a standard as is generally asserted on the Continent. The people undoubtedly love music, and their hearing and vocal capacities are normal." The following distinguished musicians and musical critics have been kind enough to favour us with their opinions on this and on the statement made elsewhere that the gramophone has been largely responsible for the revival of musical taste in this country.

MR. J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND:

It is difficult to generalise about the musical capacity of the various nations, but there are certain features in the English character which undoubtedly have to do with the widespread impression that we are no longer a "musical country." This impression, I may

point out, dates only from the arrival of Handel; it was encouraged by the success, or rather the domination of Mendelssohn long after his days, and, to a far less degree, by that of Gounod in the latter part of the nineteenth century. All three made a definite appeal to that strong religious bent which is an inheritance from the Puritans; and all three attracted many of the people who otherwise would have paid no attention to music at all. As it was, the adulation they bestowed on their favourites, and, in another branch of art, on the great singers of the past, naturally led them to suppose they had no native music worth consideration, and the impression I have alluded to spread rapidly through the world. It was of course fostered, for very sound business reasons, by those who had an interest in the success of foreign performers. Our national reluctance to make the most of our own achievements is perhaps more marked in matters of art than elsewhere, and this contributed not a little to the prevailing idea that England was not a musical country. In truth, no country is musical, as a country, for in all nations there are individuals who are "tone-deaf," and in all there are persons who, granted the proper opportunities, will manifest musical genius. It is in the lack of opportunities that England has in the past been poorest; the counterparts of the opera-houses, orchestras, and musical institutions which are to be found in every town in Germany were confined almost entirely to London in past years, and even now we can only be said to have one branch of the musical apparatus in a satisfactory condition, and that is the schools of music. With all the disadvantages in what I have called our apparatus, the historian of the future will be as little able to ignore such names at Parry, Stanford, Elgar, or Vaughan Williams, as he will to pass over the great men of the past, like Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, and the rest of the early masters.

I do not think that the mechanical inventions for reproducing music have had any appreciable effect in improving the musical nature of the English people; I regard them as effects rather than causes of that widening of the appreciative powers which is so hopeful a sign of our present-day condition. The gramophone and pianola came with no altruistic mission to increase musical knowledge; they had no period of struggle to get the ear of the British public, and they followed, rather than preceded, the revival of musical consciousness that is active now all over the country. I attribute a very large share of the national interest now shown in music by those who are not themselves definitely "musical," to the work of the Competition Festival movement, which has shown people what pleasure they may derive from participation in musical performance, has maintained a standard of choral singing which it would be very hard to beat in foreign parts, and has spread throughout the land the conviction that music is an art well worth cultivating.

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN:

It is exceedingly good of M. Jaques-Dalcroze. I am reminded of Lowell's essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

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MR. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE:

My opinion of the sentence you sent to me, is that it is the usual one we receive from the Continent. I do not agree with the statement in the least.

Although we are generally an unmusical country as far as native music is concerned, this is entirely due to the diabolical methods practised, by our teachers and conductors, who only allow us to hear regularly, from one year's end to the other, *foreign music*. There is no nation in the world which is more receptive to *all* music when they get the chance, than the various British tribes. From a careful observation of other countries for many years, I emphatically say they do *not* possess the same generous spirit to other people's music.

You mention the gramophone. I am afraid this only educates people up to " Two Steps " and Ragtime.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

MR. NORMAN O'NEILL:

My opinion is that the improving musical standard in England is due to the following causes. Music is now much more widely and much better taught than formerly. It comes now within the reach of a far larger public than was possible a few years ago.

The opportunity of hearing good music too is far greater now.

I feel sure that piano players, and gramophones, have certainly brought the knowledge of all kinds of music to many, and they have doubtless had an influence, all for the good, by bringing music into many homes.

There is of course much poor music played, and some of it comes from the Continent, where there is also a large public for trivial compositions.

NORMAN O'NEILL.

MR. EDWARD GERMAN:

I consider the gramophone to be a great power for both good and evil in music—all depends on the records chosen.

EDWARD GERMAN.

MR. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS:

I quite agree with M. Dalcroze regarding the standard of musical feeling in England. The eventual possibilities of the pianola and other forms of mechanical musical instruments will undoubtedly constitute an important factor in the improvement of this same musical feeling, and the gradual emancipation of the general music-loving public from the conservative tradition of the past fifty years is a sure sign of the rôle our native musicians are playing in the development of British art. All that is necessary is that the best music of all countries (and particularly our own) should be presented to the people under the most artistic conditions, and that the public itself should be encouraged by every possible means to support such music.

EUGÈNE GOOSSENS.

MR. ARNOLD BAX:

Apropos of Mr. Dalcroze's remark I must confess that my personal experience of concert audiences abroad is not a wide one. So I am scarcely in a position to compare them with those in England; but I should say that a British audience is not inferior in general intelligence to any European gathering of a similar nature except perhaps the Germans and Russians. I believe that the English are more naturally musical than the French.

In any audience at all there are probably very few persons who have any real sensibility to the finer subtleties of musical speech, though a strongly-marked rhythm will always quicken the emotional pulse in any part of the world.

I do not feel myself competent to give any opinion as to the influence of the gramophone.

ARNOLD BAX.

MR. JULIUS HARRISON:

I emphatically share M. Jaques-Dalcroze's opinion that " the musical feeling of the English (cannot we say *British*?) is by no means of as low a standard as is generally asserted on the Continent."

May I just instance the fact that during the past season of the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow I was even asked to conduct Scriabin's " Poème de l'extase " to an audience mainly composed of people of the " working-classes " (to use an objectionable class distinction of phrase!) and this audience went almost crazy with delight at the end. Good music, *inherently* good music, will always be assured of an echoing response from the hearts of the people if well performed, and it is not necessary to insult the intelligence of an audience by attempting to play down to a low level of musical taste. Frankly, I have never despaired of our British audiences and, in the post-war audiences particularly, I find cause for great rejoicings.

The war produced a more serious outlook on life, and, as a natural consequence, I think audiences acquired the habit of listening to good music much more intently and intelligently. They hear things now to which they would never have listened patiently in pre-war days and, what is more, they enjoy what they hear. Consequently the conservatism and low taste of the British music-going public are rapidly receding into the background.

There is no doubt that the gramophone is largely responsible for the advancement of the national musical taste, although a great deal of the educational value of good " synthetic " music is partly swept away by the (seemingly) never-ending stream of raucous hedonistic jazz-music that floods the markets. What I mean is that there must be many thousands of people who might be still further educated in good music by the aid of the gramophone could they be persuaded that this instrument is not all noise and niggers.

But, when all is said and done, there are many more converts to good music nowadays than ever before and it follows that these must have been won from the ranks of the " Bad-taste " Army.

Continental music is itself in such a poor way that it should look to its own credentials before passing its strictures on those of the British.

I have discovered no foreign post-war compositions that can equal Goossens' " The Eternal Rhythm " or Holst's " Planets," nor did I ever see in any (pre-war) continental opera house the marvellous " ensemble " that characterised the work of the (alas, now defunct!)

Beecham Opera Company at Drury Lane Theatre in the spring of 1919.

Much remains to be done but one thing is certain. In musical creation, interpretation and appreciation we do not lag behind the foreigner.

JULIUS HARRISON.

MR. LANDON RONALD:

I quite agree with Mr. Dalcroze in his assertion that the English people are very much inclined to be underrated, as to their musical feeling, by foreign countries.

The progress made in England during the past twenty-five years is, I should say, without equal in the history of music.

We can in every way hold our own with any foreign country, and in one particular branch, namely the Orchestra, we are miles ahead of anything to be found in Europe.

I am the greatest believer in the gramophone and the pianola as musical educational forces, and I should not be at all surprised if a better understanding by the masses of great music is to some extent attributable to these instruments.

LANDON RONALD.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT:

I am inclined to think that, like the curate's egg, the standard of musicality in England is good in parts.

I dare say gramophones, pianolas, etc., may be of some educative value.

CYRIL SCOTT.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.*

It is always interesting to read of a man making a fight for success, whether in fiction or in real life. In "Josef Holbrooke: the Man and his Work" Mr. Lowe has such a subject and treats it well. For Holbrooke is a constitutional fighter. As he writes of himself:

> "There are not many English musicians to whom the name of Holbrooke is not anathema, especially the older school! As Henry Coward is reported to have said: 'I have many enemies and many friends, and I love them both! Enemies are essential to progress.'"

If that be the case, Holbrooke's progress from small beginnings is easily accounted for.

Born in 1878, the son of professional musicians, he was early pitched into the rough and tumble of commercial music, now touring with his father, now in London learning the piano and violin, singing at St. Anne's Church and attending Collins's Music Hall, where the elder Holbrooke was pianist. There he may have heard "beastly tunes," but he acquired the rudiments of the orchestral sense. There follow three years at the Academy, where he turned out a mass of work, carried off medals and scholarships, failed in various "elements" examinations, and enraged the professorial mind more than a little—all before he was eighteen. In some of the anecdotes of this phase you see the beginnings of the man who recently astonished the public by appending to a concert notice a selection of his rudest press criticisms. Hating the pedagogic routine as every revolutionist does, he particularly objected to the custom of relegating original works to the end of programmes. Once when he was to play the Schumann "Toccata" and three of his own pieces at a school concert,

* "Josef Holbrooke: The Man and His Work." By George Lowe. (Library of Music and Musicians.) 4s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

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the first naturally at the beginning and the latter at the end, he decided to flout authority. On his appearing for the Schumann—

"What was the surprise and shock of his listeners to hear him plunge into his own compositions instead! After this he disappeared. . . . The next morning he was called before Principal Mackenzie and others of the professors, and then had to hear much from them concerning his 'morbid music,' his 'horrible harmonies,' and his 'objectionable style.'"

One is tempted to quote extensively from these early chapters; to follow Holbrooke through his tours as a fit-up conductor, when he played solos, deputised fiddler and accompanied comic songs, and was more than once left stranded when the manager absconded on treasury days. Interesting too are the records of his spells of teaching, when he lived somehow, doing his own cooking and cleaning and producing some good music and some bad to boil the pot. But space forbids, since naturally the bulk of the book deals with his creative work.

Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Joseph Holbrooke.**

In discussing so prolific a composer, consistently detailed criticism is obviously impossible; but by means of grouping and adequate quotation Mr. Lowe does surprisingly well, avoiding on the one hand an inchoate mass of detail and on the other vague generalisations. He describes interestingly and criticises aptly. He writes in a good readable style, without jargon and with no more technicalities than the plain man can understand. From two faults, usually the curse of books of this type, his is refreshingly free: he rarely drops into the expatiatory style and he never rhapsodises. Though, as his critic should be, a sturdy admirer of Holbrooke, he sees his faults and has many hard things to say; consequently, his appreciation convinces. There is an introduction and a useful chronological list of compositions, with their publishers; and it only needs an index to make the book thoroughly useful—a regrettable omission. Mr. Lowe's volume can be confidently recommended alike to the musician who requires a *catalogue raisonné* of Holbrooke's work, and to the bookman who is interested in the vivid personality of one who has done valuable work as a composer, a performer and an exponent of the work of the younger men.

RODNEY BENNETT.

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.*

The modern "drawing-room piece" is, on the whole, symptomatic of a very fair standard of musical health in this country. We do not, of course, refer to the difficult works with which very advanced young ladies puzzle their mothers and their aunts—the productions of Albeniz, Granados or Turina, to say nothing of Skryabin, but the pieces that now take the place of "Silvery Waves" and "The Battle of Prague," that venerable shivaree, as Mark Twain called it. Here we have a small collection; let us see what they have to tell us. We notice, first of all, that they demand a much higher technical equipment than our mothers were content with, and that they need, on the whole, a somewhat finer musical sense. Many of the old pieces really played themselves; the modern need some power of interpretation. Alec Rowley's "Rhapsody" is Irish in note and idiom, and in its varied sections gets much that is characteristic of our tragic other island. If your playing has in it anything of "the grand manner" you will make a very effective thing of this strong and sound piece. Montague Ewing's Suite contains four numbers—Dansetta, Country Dance, Roseleaf, and Japanese Wedding. Mr. Ewing is an adept at this kind of work, and his present pieces are light, graceful and effective without being trivial or mawkish. Technically they are not difficult, and we fancy that "Roseleaf," a slow waltz, will be very popular. The "Idyll" by Constance Keeping is Chopinesque and, with its sweeping arpeggios, its big double handfuls of notes and its "passage" work, will need some practice. But it is quite worth while and will make a very impressive and striking contribution to the family chamber music. Bernard Johnson's set comprises three pieces—a "Maypole Dance," "Measure" and a "Cushion Dance." They are characteristic and taking, with a very distinct flavour, and they are not difficult. Dr. Markham Lee, a very industrious and versatile musician, offers us a collection of "Tone Pictures"—"At Vindolana," "The Sprite of the Hill-side," "The Fells," "By the Duddo Stones," "Holy Island," and "On the Wind-Swept Moors"; and, to aid the interpreter, he adds the six poems that have suggested his pieces. We greatly prefer the music. They are well-written, well-differentiated pieces, with no great technical difficulties and with plenty of scope for expression. "The Edge of Beyond," by Jean Morel, contains four pieces—"The Light of the Western Stars," "The Edge of Beyond," "Wind on the Prairie," and "The Canopy of Heaven." He prefaces each number with a verse quotation that gives the spiritual key-note. They are quite excellent and effective, the latter two needing very fair executive skill. "Sweet Lavender," by Percy Godfrey, is what used to be called "a very pretty piece," and it is within the capacity of most players. With Granville Bantock's "Songs of the Seraglio" we pass to the realm of vocal music. We spoke of this admirable musician at some length last month and we need only add that these songs, with their Eastern rhythms and cadences, are excellent examples of his work, thoroughly worth the notice of ambitious vocalists. But they will need very good singing and very good playing. The music teacher who cannot find something fresh and appealing to insistent pupils out of those we have described will be hard to please.

* "First Rhapsody: For Pianoforte." By Alec Rowley. 2s. 6d. net. (Swan.)—"Mosaics: Characteristic Suite for Piano." By Montague Ewing. 2s. 6d. net. (Evans & Co.)—"Idyll for the Pianoforte: Op. 21." By Constance Keeping. 2s. net. (The Musical Exchange.)—"Old Dance Tunes for Pianoforte." By Bernard Johnson. 2s. 6d. net. (Schott.)—"In the North Country: Six Impressions for Pianoforte." 2s. 6d. net. (Alfred Lengnick.)—"The Edge of Beyond: Lyric Suite for Piano." 2s. 6d. net. (Reeder & Walsh.)—"Sweet Lavender: For Piano." By Percy Godfrey. 2s. net. (Swan.)—"Songs of the Seraglio." By Granville Bantock. 5s. net. (Winthrop Rogers.)

SONGS.*

The Bainton and Collingwood songs show a welcome disposition to leave the beaten track in search of fresh and moving words, and here we recognise lyrics by Harold Monro and the late Ernest Dowson which might easily have been set before if only our composers went a little further in their search for inspiration than they do. The "Nightingale" carries the poetic intention through a volatile narrative of runs and easy intervals. An effective climax of interpretation marks the last line, "Then breaks—and it is dawn," and this makes his song very tempting for a light soprano with the necessary sparkle. The subdual of the air in the case of Dowson's "dairy" lyric is intentional, and fits it for a mezzo-soprano or contralto

* "Nightingale Near Wood." By Edgar L. Bainton. (Curwen.)—"Oh, I would Live in a Dairy." By L. A. Collingwood. (Curwen.)—"Six Selected Lyrics." By Charles A. Speyer. (Schott.)—"One Gift of Heaven." By Cecil Dudley. (Renaissance Music Co.).—"Country Folk." By Mary H. Brahe. (Enoch.)—"When the House is Asleep." By E. Stanford Haigh. (Swan.)—"Three Songs." By Constance Keeping. (Musical Exchange.)—"Heart's Desire." By Percy Elliott. (Schott.)

voice possessed of an unsophisticated touch of humour. Moreover, it makes little or no demands on the accompanist, as the first piece does.

Mr. Speyer has gone to poets like Mr. Hardy, Mr. De la Mare and the late Francis Ledwidge, for his six lyrics, but he has put too much work in the majority of his scores, and you appreciate the relief in the second and last, where the accompaniment is for the piano, the voice-part is not a side-issue, as in some of the others. Mr. Speyer has a wide and well-used vocabulary of keys, phrase and metre, and he makes no compromises with the inexpert, so it is only after several playings that you catch the best of his ideas. "The Gift of Heaven" is a charming setting of some of the verses in The Song of Solomon, in which the composer lays too much stress on the repetition of one note, and forgets that, like recitative, this is apt to pall upon the average hearer unless it leads to some form of surprsie. The immortal canticle is universal enough in its appeal to be free of Oriental influences when it comes to a musical setting, but most of us are old-fashioned enough to remember that its imagery and folk-lore are Judaic, and demand an accordant sensuousness in any form of setting. All the same, there is distinct musicianship here. As an attempt to break away from the everlasting ballad, however, the experiment demands encouragement, and the melodic treatment is never wholly absent.

There are charms and a quiet "allure" in Miss Brahe's "Country Folk," and the simple melody is not too much the slave of its rather artless rhythm. The touch of sentimental piety which ends the Haigh ballad carries one back to old-fashioned platform lilts of the mid-Victorian days. The song-cycle of Miss Keeping is a trilogy of notations and pretty words, all smooth and singable, but lacking in character and definition. The last song-cycle by Mr. Elliott is one of extremely simple love-lyrics, and the unvaried alternation of minim and crotchet in the third of these exhibits their unpretentiousness.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. By Edith Alford. (Forsyth Bros.)

These six little sketches for the piano should suit all young pianists who want something tuneful and interesting, yet easy to play. Here and there a few lines from the book of "Alice" are printed above the music, which helps to preserve the proper "Looking-Glass" atmosphere in the sketches.

APRIL GOES A-WALKING. Lyric by Helen Taylor. Music by Stanley Dickson. (Enoch.)

There have been countless songs about April, yet there is always room for one more—of course providing it is of the right kind. There is certainly room for "April Goes A-Walking," by Helen Taylor and Stanley Dickson. It is a charming little song, fresh and lilting, and should prove a great success.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. Words by Katharine Tynan. Music by Phyllis M. James. (Chappell.)

This song reminds one of an old Christmas carol. There is a simplicity and sincerity about it which makes a direct appeal.

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The Theatre.

"HE WHO PLAYS THE KING."

BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

THERE are several things with which some of us have forcibly disagreed in Mr. Bernard Fagan's revival of "Henry IV, Part Two," at the Court Theatre—Shakespeare's "only permanent West End home." There is altogether too much "séance" about it. The casting of a serious actress like Miss Leah Bateman as a Hogarthian Doll Tearsheet was an obvious mistake. There is not nearly enough use of the "apron"-stage, which Mr. Fagan has begun but not finished; with the result that the history did not flow nor the scenes clip as they should.

Photo by Claude Harris. **Mr. Frank Cellier.**

On the other hand, before the revival becomes historical in more senses than one, it is only right to pay all possible tribute to the fact of its having been there at all; to Mr. H. O. Nicholson's masterpiece of character-acting as Mr. Justice Shallow; to the round and clear speaking of Mr. Alfred Clark's Falstaff (who is everything else but big enough); and last, but not least, to the return, after many adventures round the world, of that fine Shakespearean actor and manager, Mr. Frank Cellier, who gave an extremely beautiful performance as King Henry IV himself.

Whether one is convinced at every point or not by Mr. Cellier's reading, there is no denying its beauty, alike of conception and of performance. In some aspects, "Part Two" may not have the full appeal of "Part One." Falstaff may have deteriorated. One misses Hotspur and that delicious musical evening at Owen Glendower's. But "Part Two" rises to a scene of pure tragedy in the death of Bolingbroke that its forerunner does not approach. This must have been an intensely difficult scene to write, quite apart from its comic prefacing; for Shakespeare knew the bad points of Bolingbroke as well as the good ones. Mr. Cellier's portrait does, at any rate, tempt one to trace the ideal which lies behind this most baffling of all Shakespeare's kings, right through from his first appearance in "Richard II" to the final memory of him in his conquering son's purpose to "take the Turk by the beard." One finds in how wonderful a way Shakespeare managed to combine the practical craftiness of a king who could, on his death-bed, counsel his heir to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels"—a behest so famously fulfilled—with a high aim of kingship and the pious ardour of a Crusader. For it was undoubtedly a last Crusade that was in the mind of both the elder Henry and the younger.

The Bolingbroke of real life seems to have changed for the worse when he came to the throne, almost as extensively as his son changed for the better. There are echoes of this by hearsay in both the "Parts." Yet a certain nobility clings to Shakespeare's Henry IV. One cannot help feeling that in writing the actual speeches of the dying king, Shakespeare was inspired by something very much like the feeling there is in the Old Testament towards David—himself a usurper and sinner exceedingly, and himself destined to leave fulfilment to his son.

The beauty and the poetry that Shakespeare brings to this strong man crowned are perfectly conveyed by Mr. Cellier. So also is that homage to the mystery of the wrested crown as an emblem of responsibility, which humbles both Bolingbroke and the future Henry V into worthiness. I do not myself think that Mr. Cellier managed to give us quite the square-chinned strength of the man. From this point of view, Mr. Basil Gill's more muscular personality at His Majesty's was, to me, more suggestive of the Bolingbroke both of Shakespeare and of history. At the same time, for its quiet dignity and beauty, Mr. Cellier's Henry IV is a memory that will long live in our minds and hearts. May it be only the first of many such studies from our home-come wanderer.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," BY CLEMENCE DANE, AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is a problem play; like all good problem plays, however, it is concerned with the people first. Its action is in 1932; divorce is allowed for incurable insanity. Margaret Fairfield has divorced her husband, who has been mad for fifteen years. She is engaged to be married again to Grey Meredith. It is Christmas Day, and the wedding is fixed for January. Suddenly Hilary Fairfield comes home, cured. What is Margaret to do? Miss Clemence Dane has a strong situation, and she handles it with tact and effect. I found a certain lack of emotional intensity in the scene between Hilary and Margaret, in spite of Mr. Keen's very poignant acting; but the play is throughout of an intelligence rare on the modern stage. The triumph of the piece is certainly Sydney, the daughter who fears her children may inherit her father's madness. And Miss Albanesi's acting of the part puts her in an unrivalled position—I should much like to see her as Mary Rose. She and she alone makes Miss Dane's solution seem plausible; when she sends her mother away with Grey Meredith, and accepts the care of her father, one is thrilled with conviction. The most accomplished and perfect scene in the play is perhaps the tragi-comedy of Sydney's scene with Kit Pumphrey, when she breaks off her engagement and leaves the boy with a grievance instead of a broken heart. Miss Dane weakens her case by making the marriage of Hilary and Margaret a marriage of pity, not of love; the real problem would

come if, after such a divorce, a wife who had loved utterly was contracting or had contracted a marriage of friendship. But one must take the play Miss Dane has given us gratefully; and gratefully we should recognise that when we have a good play, English acting is hard to beat. Miss Braithwaite does not appeal to every one; but she has passages of real emotional force, especially in the last act; Mr. Aubrey Smith makes a good Meredith, while the three minor parts of the doctor, the parson and Aunt Hester could not be better rendered than by Mr. Lothbury, Mr. Llewellyn and Miss Agnes Thomas. Mr. Ian Hunter's Kit Pumphrey was astonishingly lifelike—he gave precisely that rather cubbish yet attractive side of youth. I can give him no higher praise than to say that he was worthy to act with Miss Albanesi.

"THE CIRCLE," BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AT THE HAYMARKET.

It is Mr. Somerset Maugham's business as an ironist to trace the circle of human conduct around two generations, leaving the audience to determine the degree of viciousness according to its lights. In this case it is not so much in action as in the consequences of neglect that we find the son "following in father's footsteps," to the ruin of his home and the making of the play. Mr. Maugham has been at some pains to mellow the father's nature and leave the son's in a crude and callow form, but their egotism is the same, and the second elopement is no shock. If Meredith had given Sir Willoughby the lady of his choice, instead of the mitten, logic might have punished them by some such course as this, where the wife absconds with the unprincipled friend, but Meredith could hardly have found room inside the same story for a repetition of the escapade thirty years later. Remorselessness of this kind is more in Mr. Hardy's line than Meredith's, and indeed we think Mr. Hardy would be just the man to enjoy the fribbling and flutter of Miss Lottie Venne as Lady Catherine. Her bird-like vanity and sentimentality make a capital set-off for the very real drama going forward among the juniors, and we hardly remember a better love-scene in slang and self-repression than we get between Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Quartermaine. Sometimes her emotions fail to 'get across the footlights" of her good looks, you may say, but she has to keep things down so as not to make her seniors seem out of key. Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the apoplectic and elderly rake, Lord Porteous, and Mr. Holman Clark as the man he has wronged, are finished and excellent. Mr. Thesiger as his son over-acts the prig a thought too much. But as a matrimonial foursome, with the husbands as caddies, the play is worldly and witty, light and entertaining, and leads well up to an easy and laughable curtain. It has just been published in book form by Heinemann.

Photo by Lallie Charles. **Miss Agnes Blane,**

whose new play, "A Family Affair," is being produced in the provinces by Mr. William Holles, before coming to London. Miss Blane is the daughter of Mr. William Blane, C.B.E., and an earlier play of hers, "The Half Sister," was successfully produced at the Apollo a year or so ago.

THE BERNARD SHAW REVIVALS.

The Shaw season is still prospering at Everyman, and the fortunes of the gallant little theatre are apparently secure. Certainly they deserve to be. The company has had some difficult times, and some of the plays attempted have been over-ambitious; but every week their work improves, and gains both in technique and in feeling. The production of "The Doctor's Dilemma" was a surprising advance on anything yet produced. The team-work was beyond praise, and though there were difficulties in the casting, no one who saw the original Barker performance could fail to be surprised at Hampstead's effort to equal that success. It is fortunate that the play does not depend on Dubedet, for Mr. Hannen was not satisfactory as the painter. Dubedet is obviously a Yellow Book period artist—Mr. Hannen made him look like a cross between Walter Crane and Alvin Langdon Coburn; the studio might have been that of a modern Academician, and the whole atmosphere lacked that intellectual *metier* which Shaw gives to Dubedet. Miss Pratt's Jennifer was far better than one had feared; she is not suited for a coaxing part, but she had a dignity and force which carried well. The triumph of the play, both as Mr. Shaw wrote it and as the Everyman company played it, are the doctors. Mr. Brembner Wills had an amazing success as B.-B. One's picture of B.-B. is so much that of a huge, fat, dictatorial old boy that it took one a little time to get used to Mr. Wills's shaven yet not less deadly Bonnington. When once one was used, however, B.-B. never failed to please. Mr. Aylmer's Ridgeon was not quite so triumphant a success; he was a little too parsonical, and did not inspire the confidence that he is a man of science. All the other parts were admirably sustained.

After "The Doctor's Dilemma"—"Blanco Posnet." To eke out the evening we also have "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and "How He Lied to Her Husband." The latter might almost have been written by Stanley Houghton, and the former is one of Mr. Shaw's least happy excursions into fantastic history. The Everyman company does what it can with them, but the actors seemed bored with both plays, although Miss Carter was a good Queen Elizabeth. "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet" is one of Mr. Shaw's best plays; it is far better than the overpraised "Androcles," and revives in one pleasant memories of that earlier melodrama, "The Devil's Disciple." It has never before been acted publicly in England, and if the Shaw season had produced nothing else it would be fully justified. The chief honours of the play go to Mr. Brembner Wills and Miss Maud Pratt. Mr. Wills's Blanco is full of rhetoric, of good honest emotional surprise; and Miss Pratt has a part thoroughly suited to her talents in Fremy. She is termagant here indeed, and convinces one of the play's extraordinary simplicity. The setting of the plays is improving also with each performance.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," BY A. E. THOMAS, AT THE GLOBE.

Not many comedies of recent years have been inspired by so diverting an idea as "Her Husband's Wife," and playgoers are indebted to Miss Marie Löhr for this happy revival. In her original rôle of the hypochondriac young wife who, having doctored herself into the belief that she has not long to live, chooses very considerately her husband's next wife for him, Miss Löhr has a part that exhibits to perfection her talent for comedy-acting of the subtler sort. Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the supplanting "wife," with a rare opportunity for exploiting the gamut of woman's wiles, is a joy to watch, and Mr. Spencer Trevor makes excellent capital out of the dry staccato comments of the epigrammatic uncle. At times the comedy drops into farce and the producer has altered the pace accordingly, but farce or comedy, the entertainment is vastly amusing.

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With life and blessing,
The flowers caressing,
Till some fall down on their knees,
While others are playing,
O Wind, sweet Wind,
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That is in Hal's section of the book. In Peter's—here, for example, is a snatch of the happy, catchy song, "With the Fairies":

"All the Peter-boys play with the fairies
All the Peter-boys borrow their toys—
Bubbles to blow to them, pictures to show to them,
No one says 'No!' to them when there's a noise."

Children will love to have the verses read aloud unless they are big enough to read for themselves; the type is big and clear, and there are pictures too. A little volume that is sure of finding a snug place in the hearts of nursery residents.

From Belgium (*Fisher Unwin*). From a portrait by Aubrozio de Predis (Imperial Museum, Vienna).

MAXIMILIAN I.

From An Onlooker in France, 1917–1919 (*Williams & Norgate*).

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE PASSING TO THE YPRES SALIENT. CASSELL.

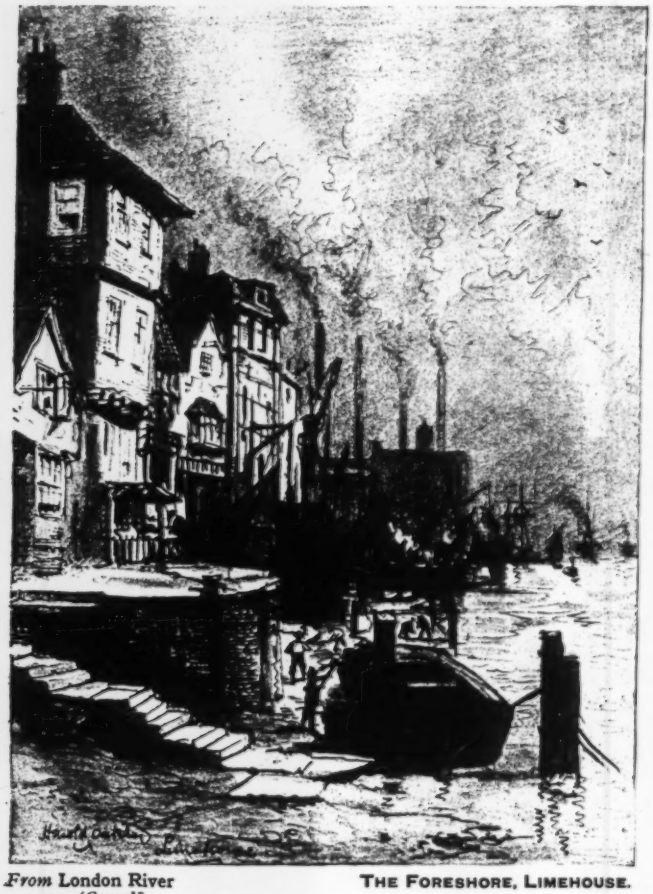
LONDON RIVER.

By H. M. TOMLINSON. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Tomlinson's volume is something really new and really good. His subject is the Thames that is an arm of the sea, the Thames that ends in Dockland, and he writes about it with creative sympathy and life-long understanding. There are no side-splitting Robeyesque bargemen in his book, and no romantic angel-girls (of Limehouse) irradiating a cinema Chinatown; but there are the winds and the waters and the essential drama of man's conflict with the elements. Mr. Tomlinson does not stagger his reader with glib technicalities of seacraft or with bravura feats of description. He is, indeed, almost reluctant and reserved in his intimations, as if he were shy of admitting strangers to his thoughts; but he makes the reader feel that the waters are tragic everywhere, and that the story of a man's struggle against the unconquerable sea is as truly a romance on the Dogger Bank as on the typhoon-smitten waters of the distant East. We heartily commend this finely felt and finely expressed collection of studies. There is real art in it—and real heart.

From A Painter in Palestine (*John Lane*). With numerous illustrations by Donald Maxwell.

"THERE WAS A GARDEN."



From London River (*Cassell*).

THE FORESHORE, LIMEHOUSE.

From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

PATRIOTISM.

By E. K. FALLOWFIELD. 6s. net. (Daniel.)

This analysis of patriotism in its various branches is clear in diction and handled in a capable and interesting manner. From warrior patriotism, with its accompanying brutalities, Mr. Fallowfield diverges to the higher though less extolled forms practised by men and women who have given their lives for their fellows in self-sacrificing toil and a homage to conscience that has frequently brought only the reward of death. He censures the ego, or selfish, patriotism of those whose love of country engenders a hatred of other countries, and asserts that "a true patriot shuns everything that would sully the country's good name; he marches along the line of true progress and avoids what may cause suffering to those too weak to defend themselves." But one thing, he holds, should exceed a man's love of country, and that is love of truth. He has studied his subject with minute care, supports his arguments with a host of historical references, and his book should prove a valuable asset to those "young men and women who have their futures before them and the shaping of the world in their hands," to whom it is appropriately dedicated.

AN ONLOOKER IN FRANCE.

By Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A. 31s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

From An Onlooker in France, 1917–1919 (*Williams & Norgate*).

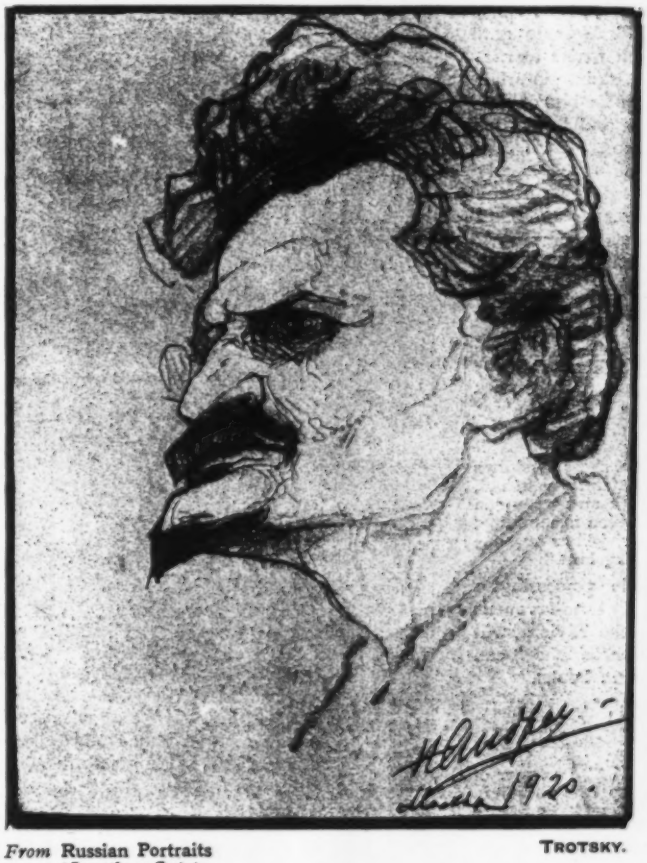
Mr. Lloyd George, President Wilson and M. Clemenceau.

I shall never forget the first time I met him. The smooth lawn outside the old château was delightfully inviting. I had removed at least the outer layer of dust, had had some tea and was well away with my pipe, luxuriously sprawled in a big wicker chair. Beside me sat one of the Staff. We conversed with dignity and courtesy, conscious of our tabs. Suddenly there burst from the house a chattering, laughing crowd of French press correspondents, headed by an English Field Officer. He was very small and active, and when he climbed rapidly up a stout wooden trellis, hung on by one hand and scratched his side with the other, his resemblance to the monkey he was imitating was sufficient to draw shrieks of enthusiasm from his audience. I directed a searching look at my host, but he remained calm. "I *mean*——" I said. "Oh, it's *only Orpen*," he replied, and proceeded to talk of other matters. Afterwards I came to know and rejoice in that amusing little man who is almost buried beneath the weight of the resounding "Major Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A." Most of us are a little tired of war books. But Orpen's "An Onlooker in France" is something out of the common. An artist in soul, he has given us some little pictures in prose which are not less accurate than those done with his brushes and paints. *I know!* The Major who "would retire to the garden and play the flute . . . nobody dared to move; but he really didn't play badly . . ." is delicious! (I wonder if Orpen goes armed?) Then Carroll Carstairs, of the Grenadiers: "Carroll . . . said suddenly, 'Look at the shape of that church, now! Isn't it magnificent?' Another shell . . . hit the structure, and he said, 'Damn! The fools have spoilt it!'" And Major Hotblack, the Tank wizard who ought to have been killed several thousand times (by the law of averages, or whatever it is): "mild and gentle, full of charm; one could hardly imagine he had all those D.S.O.'s and wound stripes—Hotblack, who liked to go for a walk and read poetry. . . ." As a matter of fact, Hotblack refused to put up any more wound stripes—said he might as well wear a gold cuff. The book is crammed with good things and pictures, but, my hat! (to be in keeping), when Orpen gets to the Peace Conference, he *does* let himself go! And why not? Observe:

"They appeared [the 'frocks' as he calls them] to think so much—too much—of their own personal importance, searching all the time for popularity, each little one for himself—strange little things. President Wilson made a great hit in the Press with his smile. He was pleased at that, and after this he never failed to let you see all his back teeth. Lloyd George grew hair down his back, I presume from Mr. Asquith's lead. Paderewski—well, he was always a made-up job. . . . The fighting man, alive, and those who fought and died—all the people who made the Peace Conference possible, were being forgotten, the 'frocks' reigned supreme. One was almost forced to think that the 'frocks' won the war. 'I did this,' 'I did that,' they all screamed, but the silent soldier-man never said a word, yet he must have thought a lot. . . ."

And he adds that when the Peace Terms were handed to the Germans at the Trianon Palace he was unable to get a card of admission. During the afternoon he met Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and asked him about the ceremony. "Oh," said the great soldier, "I haven't been there. They wouldn't give me a pass, the little 'frocks' wouldn't give me one." One more picture: Colonel House asked Orpen if he had painted President Wilson. Orpen replied that the President said he had not time for the sittings. "What damned rot!" said the Colonel. "He's got a damned sight more time than I have. . . . I'll see that he's here." And he did!

F. D. G.



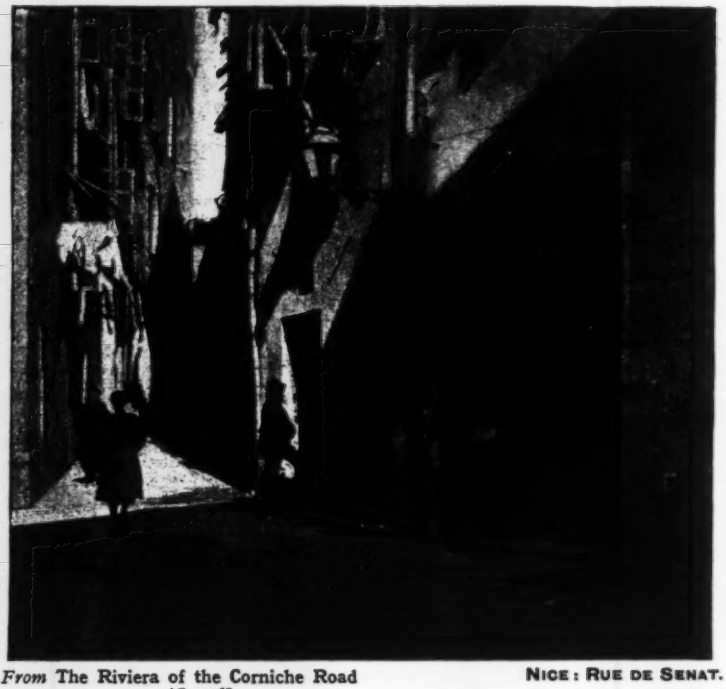
From Russian Portraits (*Jonathan Cape*).

Trotsky.

THE RIVIERA OF THE CORNICHE ROAD.

By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

In a handsomely bound, copiously illustrated volume, Sir Frederick Treves has given us what is more than a mere holiday



From The Riviera of the Corniche Road (*Cassell*).

NICE: RUE DE SENAT.

book, for he has set out the general history of the Riviera from the days of the cave man to the present time. Remote antiquity is naturally only touched upon for the sake of completeness, the great portion of the book being descriptive of more modern aspects, and we are given accounts of Nice, Mentone, Cimiez, Grasse, Monte Carlo and minor resorts. Sir Frederick writes attractively; his style is clear, lively and pictorial, and the book abounds in graphic bits of description, well told anecdotes and humorous touches. Those who have read "The Other Side of the Lantern" will have already made acquaintance with these traits of the author's style. Every picturesque nook and historic corner of the region under survey comes in for attention, and is described in a few vivid sentences:

"There are no two things alike in Cagnes, nothing that matches. It is indeed a pile of very miscellaneous houses, inclined to set themselves askew, like the parts of a cubist picture. . . . It looks like a very decrepit sick person who has slipped down in bed."

Then of Monaco:

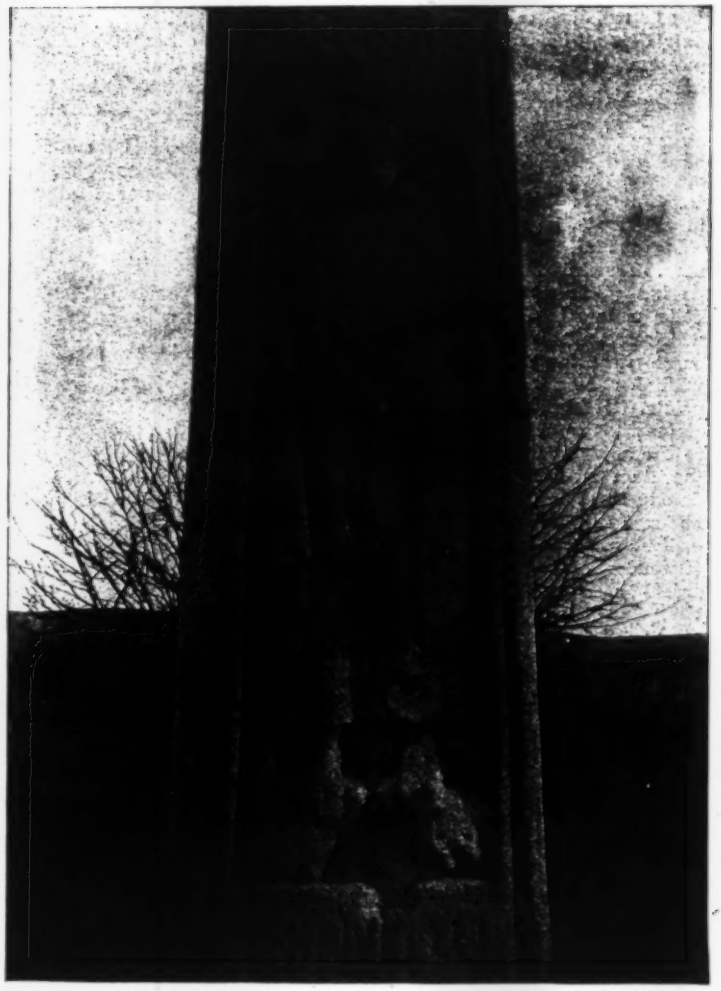
"Its walls, lit by the sun, are sheer precipices of biscuit-coloured rock, tinted faintly with red, as with rust. From every crack and cranny on its towering sides something green is bursting; while here and there a flower, yellow or blue, clings to a ledge like a perching bird."

It is a volume which, while possessing a special attraction for the fortune-favoured folk who make holiday on the Riviera, will have no small interest for those who "can only read about these places in books."

THE ARTS IN EARLY ENGLAND.

By G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. V: "The Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses"; "The Gospels of Lindisfarne." 30s. net. (John Murray.)

The fifth volume of Mr. Baldwin Brown's erudite history of "The Arts in Early England" is concerned mainly with a detailed description of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses and of the Gospels of Lindisfarne. The antiquary, the hagiologist and the epigraphist will find this new volume very much to their taste. Never we should think before has such a mass of criticism — literary, artistic, archæological, linguistic and philological—been devoted to a connotation of ancient monuments as Mr. Brown has bestowed on deciphering and translating the names inscribed on these two famous crosses. We should like to quote from the third chapter of the book the very interesting accounts of the pre-Christian uses of the cross and of the evolution of the chrism from monogram to religious symbol. We wish we could do justice to the loving care with which the author examines the famous Ormside bowl and establishes the authenticity of the coffin of St. Cuthbert. But our space is limited; so we must content ourselves with calling the attention of all lovers of art and of antiquities to this learned and handsomely produced volume. It is a noteworthy example of the ripest English scholarship.



From The Arts in Early England (*John Murray*).

THE CHRIST OF BEWCASTLE.

From The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories
(*Educational Book Co.*).
Reviewed in this Number.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.
From the painting by Prof. Amos Cassioli.

SHASTA OF THE WOLVES.

By OLAF BAKER. 6s. (Harrap.)

A well-illustrated tale of a child found among lonely hills by the old she-wolf Nitka, who picked up a small brown bundle, which set up a thin wail. Nitka preserved the little human being, and brought it up with her own cubs in their wild cave-home. "If you had asked Nitka why she had taken the baby's part, I don't believe she could have told you. All she knew was that there was a feeling inside her that this odd thing she had found in the forest was to be protected from harm." This is a fine and remarkable story of wolf life in the mountains and canyons, a tale of eagles, and grizzlies, and hunting; and no lover of the open air should miss it.

WAYSIDE TREES AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

By FORSTER ROBSON. Profusely illustrated by the Author. 7s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

How many of us, if we told the truth, could say that we know by sight all, or even many, of the trees that we know by name? Here is the ideal book to remedy that

From A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry
By A. E. Waite
(*Rider*).

THE DEATH OF HIRAM.

defect in our education. With this in our pocket we may go anywhere and, after a brief reference to the book, recognise any of our common trees at sight. The author has grouped the trees under their leaf forms, of which exact line drawings are presented, supplementing these with a series of beautiful pencil drawings of the trees themselves. It is an interesting and very helpful treasury of elementary knowledge, and its possession will add much to the pleasure of one's excursions about the country-side. Admirable in idea and admirably produced, it augurs well for the success of the How to Know Them series, of which it is the first.

TOPEE AND TURBAN, OR HERE AND THERE IN INDIA.

By Lieut.-Col. H. A. NEWELL.
£1 1s. net. (Lane.)

THE ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC.

By Lieut.-Col. T. R. ST. JOHNSTON.
25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The historian of the British Army, Mr. Fortescue, when he was lecturing the other day and praising

From Wayside Trees
By Forster Robson
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

POLLARD WILLOW.

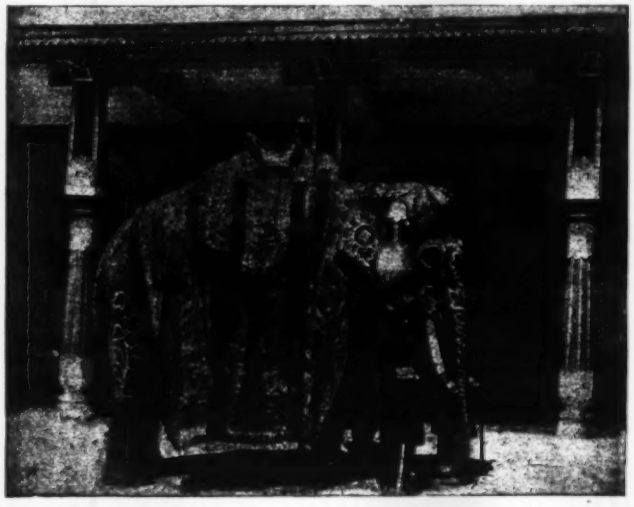
the equanimity and ubiquity of "that strong man, Thomas Atkins," might have dwelt just as warmly on our indebtedness to the research and scholarship of Tommy's officers. These two colonels, one in the Indian army and one in the service of the Foreign Office, have written books before of special authority in their several fields. Colonel Newell has bestowed many standard guide-books on the provinces and native states of India, and in the course of many years' travel up and down the peninsula has gathered a harvest of folk-lore and observation which no form of guide-book yet discovered can be expected to contain. Now it may be affirmed as a rule that the man who has done one thing supremely well is rarely wanting in resources beyond what that task required, and it is no surprise to find in this case that the guide turns out to be a philosopher as well. Colonel Newell has dipped freely into the past, the native traditions and records, and steered the investigations of science into safe channels, especially where there come the dividing lines between Aryan, Greek, Persian, Moghul, and British influences. The extent and duration of India are chequered with the files of conquest and the ranks of creed, and Colonel Newell puts new interest into the architectural relics of Hindu,

From Shasta of the Wolves
(*Harrap*).

"THE BABY WOLF-BROTHERS SAT IN A ROW . . . SNIFFING WITH THEIR PUPPY NOSES"

Buddhist, Jain and Mohammedan, their significance and purpose, and their value to the interpreter of to-day. He traces the survival of the Aryan in the Kashmiri Brahman talking the Sanskrit of many centuries ago in India's bazars to-day.

Perhaps the best chapters of the Colonel's wanderings throughout the length and breadth of India are those



From Topee and Turban
(*John Lane*).

THE SACRED ELEPHANT ARRAYED FOR THE DURSARAH.

describing that strange and primitive race, the Todas of Madras, especially where those people develop outlines of affinity with the Uganda tribes unearthed by Mr. Roscoe on his recent expedition. Still more engaging are the points of contact between Colonel Newell's ethnological theories and those of Colonel St. Johnston regarding the island races of the Pacific. As District Commissioner of the Lau Islands his opportunities were exceptional and well used. Similarities are noted not only in racial type and custom, but in philology and folk-lore, and though these may not always bear deeper investigation, they are like the surface gems that lure a prospector on, and are as nothing to the certainties at which we hope ultimately to arrive. The Pacific book is richer in horrors and in surprises, both by letterpress and picture, and we may lay the patriotic unction to our souls that when we have been dealing as long with the seas and archipelagoes "down under," they will show advances at a pace eclipsing India's if possible. But we may never come any nearer to finding the dates and routes of the primeval trek of the races scattering east and west and southward from that nook of Mesopotamia which men for ages have called "the cradle of the world."

Both books are richly illustrated, and are full of knowledge and fascination.

From A Diplomat in Japan (*Seeley, Service*).

THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS, TOKUGAWA YOSHINOBU (KEIKI).

A DIPLOMAT IN JAPAN.

By the RIGHT HON. SIR ERNEST SATOW. 32s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

No more than some early chapters in the story of the author's distinguished and eventful career are recorded in this volume. They relate, however, to momentous phases in the progress of Japan to the high position she holds to-day among great nations. It was during the period about which Sir Ernest writes that her ports were opened for good and all to foreign trade, that the supreme authority of the Mikado was restored, and the traditions of a feudal system shattered if not completely swept away. Sixty years ago, moreover, when as a student interpreter the author first went to Japan, the country and the people still retained characteristic features which were presently to be lost, and which very few foreigners had such favourable opportunities of observing or, if they saw, could record with the insight derived from an ardent study of the language, literature and history of the Japanese. It is this that gives a peculiar value to Sir Ernest's reminiscences of journeys in what was then a region almost unknown to strangers from the West. His account of excursions in the interior have a fascination which in later books of travel is either entirely wanting or seems scarcely to harmonise with evidence of a modern spirit apparent on all sides. We have changed all that, our Far Eastern allies may say, and they have certainly changed a great deal. Yet even in those days there was talk among more advanced politicians of establishing a parliament and a constitution on the English model. It was a mad idea in the author's opinion, and the proposal that he should enter the Mikado's service and assist in organising

From China, Japan and Korea By J. O. P. Bland (*Heinemann*).

FUJIYAMA THE PEERLESS.

representative government did not allure him. As an instructive commentary on the conduct of British relations with Japan during Sir Ernest's first residence in the country, the book well merits the attention it will certainly receive both here and in the land of the rising sun.

ROSE GARDENING.

By MARY HAMPDEN. Illustrated with 8 Colour Plates and Line Drawings by MAUD A. WEST. (Thornton Butterworth.)

This book deals with every phase of rose culture, from the preparation of the soil to the time of flowering, and includes a specially useful chapter on the enemies of the rose. It is the outcome of years of practical experience, and the information it supplies has been pronounced both serviceable and reliable by one of the most prominent and successful rose-growers in England. Miss West's work in colour is exquisitely done, and the line drawings, showing practical designs for beds and borders, etc., complete the usefulness of a volume that will appeal to all who are interested in the culture of roses.

From **Rose Gardening**
By Mary Hampden
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

MADAME EDOUARD HERRIOT.
(The *Daily Mail* Rose)
From a colour drawing by Maud A. West.

IN OUR FLOWER GARDEN.

By HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN. Prepared by FLORA KLICKMANN. (R.T.S.)

Garden lovers especially those who read "The Garden That We Made" by the late Crown Princess of Sweden (*née* Princess Margaret of Connaught), will welcome this later volume of her garden gossip, revealing, as it does, the Princess's personal experiments in horticulture and her ideas as to the qualities a garden should possess. She shows how the scheme for having various parts of the garden abloom at various seasons of the year can be effectively carried out, and is, indeed, full of happy suggestions that spring from a wide experience and an intense love of all growing things. Many beautiful photographs are scattered through the pages, and the work, under Miss Flora Klickmann's able editorship, is a triumph both of art and utility.

From **In Our Flower Garden**
By the late Crown Princess of Sweden
(*R.T.S.*).

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN WORKING ON ONE OF HER WALL GARDENS.

THE RISING TIDE AND OTHER POEMS.

By CHARLES WHITBY, M.D. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Dr. Whitby writes very cultured and accomplished verse upon traditional themes and in traditional metres. One pictures him (rightly or wrongly) as the best type of country practitioner — a keen scientist, a lover of nature, a discriminating patron of the arts, and a warm-hearted humanitarian. His poetry reveals a man of many interests and of many moods, but its characteristic note is, perhaps, one of a gentle and pensive melancholy:

"Youth will pass and hope will perish,
We complain;
Is there nothing that we cherish
Not in vain?

"Ah, the future will be golden!
We surmise,
But with glory unbeholden
Of our eyes.

"Strengthen us in our affliction!
We implore;
But the old serene conviction
Comes no more."

The most individual and striking piece in the book is the title-poem, which describes, very realistically yet with perfect artistic restraint, the birth of a child.

WALKS IN ROUEN.

By JOCELYN PERKINS. 5s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

We like this brisk and practical little guide. Mr. Perkins, seeing, in his mind's eye, the ignorant tourist, grips him firmly by the hand, and leads him hither and thither in the wonderful town, and will make him feel certain that he is not missing anything he ought to see, nor running into the pitfalls that otherwise would await him. For instance, in Tour I, Mr. Perkins writes: "Make a point of entering Rouen Cathedral by the west door. The first sight of the wondrous beauty of this noble church will fill you with awe. Let this first impression sink right into you and become part and parcel of your very self, before you attempt to examine any details." The author has contrived his work with real skill, getting into a space of less than two hundred well-printed pages the historical story and descriptions of the monuments. There are nine tours; and, in two appendices, notes on the history of Normandy and on the life of Jeanne d'Arc are concisely given.

From Walks in Rouen (*S.P.C.K.*) THE WEST DOOR, ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Lent by H. B. Aplin & Co.
From The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs (*Lippincott*). SYMBOLIC PERSIAN SILK RUG.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ORIENTAL RUGS.

By G. GRIFFIN LEWIS. Illustrated. (Lippincott.)

To the layman, picking up this book for the first time, the contents will come as a revelation of beauty and craftsmanship. The letterpress is full of valuable information, and the illustrations include many wonderful colour plates; one of these, the picture of an antique Ghiordes prayer rug took over two months' experimenting before it was possible to make the plate, and more than sixty shades of red appear in it. The result is a triumph of colour reproduction. For intending purchasers of Oriental rugs there is a fund of practical information and advice in this book, and dealers and connoisseurs will find it extremely handy for reference. "Those who have good Oriental rugs will do well to keep them," says the author

From More About Unknown London By Walter George Bell (*John Lane*). THE JEWEL TOWER, WESTMINSTER.

in his preface to this fifth edition, "and those who ever hope to possess any had better get them now . . . for they will surely grow more scarce and higher in price. Most of the rug-making people have been annihilated or transported, and those left have eaten their sheep and made their wool into clothing. The family looms of the East are silent and broken, and there will be little or no weaving in the future. It is one of the pitiful results of the war, for truly there is a wealth of beauty and a world of sentiment in these magic carpets of the Orient." One is not surprised that this is the fifth edition of the book—it should run into many more editions yet.

JIMMY JOHNNY.

By J. J. Bell. 5s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

A trifle, light as air, and a very engaging trifle. It tells, in Mr. Bell's inimitable manner, of the early loves of that big, lonely, pawky Scottish loon, Jimmy Johnny (condemned to live with a terrible aunt) and his refreshing neighbour, young Christabel. Her girlish charm, her pertness, the utter surprisingness of her, fascinate Jimmy

From The Promise — **Cover Design.**
James B. Hendryx's story of the Wild West
(*Jarrolds*).

Johnny, and their cautious dialogue together is pleasant and amusing indeed to read at the end of a hard day's work. There is not a heavy line, or an unnecessary paragraph in the book, the things hang together on the most slender plot; but, somehow or other, Mr. Bell carries it through triumphantly. We know that aunt; we *see* that quaint old Captain, who plays his part in the friendship; we can guess at the thrilling talks the two young folks had at night, when the neighbouring skylights went up, and "in the glow, a hand, with a comb, appeared, then the pretty head of Christabel."

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY (Vol. II).

By Vilhelm Rasmussen. 5s. 6d. net. (Gyldendal.)

Here is the second volume of a most accurate and interesting study of the development of consciousness and intelligence in children. It is based on personal observation fortified by study of all the available observations made public by other investigators in Europe and America. The author lays great stress on the fact that the first condition essential, in order that the child may attain the highest possible psychical development in accordance with its inherited capabilities, is that it shall receive the correct *physical* training. A few brief but very apposite observations are made on this matter; and then we have chapters

From Child Pyschology
Vol. II, by Vilhelm Rasmussen
(*Gyldendal*).

Two Ladies.
A child's drawing.

of absorbing interest dealing with the first dawn and shaping in the child's mind of such concepts as time, duration, recurrence, the idea of space, its notions about perceptible phenomena (such as the sun, the moon, the stars), early feelings on religion, death, life, birth, origins, etc. All these are discussed and described with most interesting detail and examples, also the first efforts at drawing. It is a serious and illuminating little book, and should be of very great value to teachers and to all parents who take a natural delight in observing the dawning and growing faculties of their children.

From Richard the Brazen — **Cover Design.**
Cyrus T. Brady's Wild West novel
(*Jarrolds*).

From **The Path of the King**
By John Buchan
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN.

THE PATH OF THE KING.

By JOHN BUCHAN. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It is not for nothing that a great man leaves posterity. But who is more likely to inherit the fire—the elder son with his flesh-pots or the younger son with his fortune to make? Just think of it! All the younger sons of younger sons back through the generations! . . . We all of us may have king's blood in our veins. . . . The spark once transmitted may smoulder for generations under ashes, but the appointed time will come, and it will flare up to warm the world. . . . And we fools rub our eyes and wonder when we see genius come out of the gutter. It didn't begin there. . . ." This is the idea on which Mr. Buchan has based his new book, "The Path of the King." It serves as a thread on which to hang a number of stories, or episodes, each one carrying on the tale to a fresh generation; so that we trace "that in the stock which is fated to endure" from far back in the history of man, right down to modern times. The theme is handled with a sure mastery, and each story recounted is a vivid little cameo; packed full of adventure and human interest it makes a direct appeal to the imagination and the love of romance inherent in all of us. We meet many famous people in the course of the book, including Joan of Arc, Sir Walter Raleigh, Oliver Cromwell, and Abraham Lincoln. It is on the death of Lincoln that the story comes to a fitting conclusion. Of all the stirring scenes in history which Mr. Buchan describes, this last is perhaps the greatest. "There goes the first American," says some one as the President's body is carried by to lie in state. "I dare say you are right," replies his friend, "but I think it is also the last of the Kings."

MAIN STREET: THE STORY OF CAROL KENNICOTT.

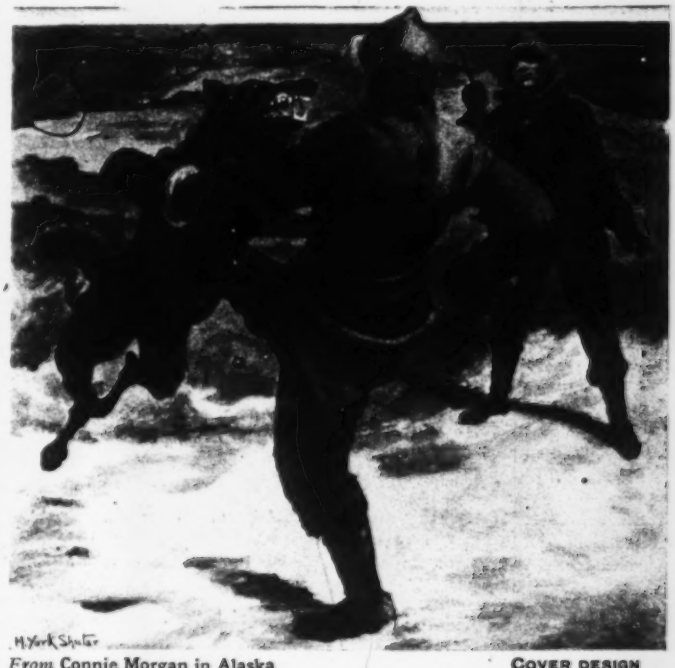
By SINCLAIR LEWIS. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some books owe their hold upon us to their giving a clear, unbiased, unemotional portrayal of what goes on, is said, is done. "Main Street" is of this number. It is the answer to what one school of realists ask of art. A picture of an ordinary small town in the Middle West might readily be dull. In Mr. Lewis's hands the daily happenings in the life of Gopher Prairie are of absorbing interest. By means of vivid and vigorous observation he achieves his results. There is little psychology and no visible grouping of effects. His people seem just to happen to be passing; he has listened to their talk and has noted it down. He has drawn them with a marvellous exactitude—Carol, the city-girl, her husband, Dr. Kennicott, Miles Bjornstam. He has caught the expression on the face of the town and, by implication, on that of other towns in America and elsewhere that have Main Streets. For the Main Street in the town of Minnesota is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. Mr. Lewis shows us humanity talking, naturally and quite unimpressively. We are interested because we are listening to ourselves or are recognising the voices of our neighbours.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE.

By MARGARET LOCKYER. 8s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a story of the war, from another angle. The hero, Anton, is a young Croatian who leaves Austria to support his own race among the Serbs. After service in Belgrade he is sent on a diplomatic mission to Italy, where he becomes involved in the toils of the German spy system. This part of her story gives the author chances which she takes to the full. But perhaps the scenes where she is most successful are on a quieter plane. In the character of Mrs. Sherman she gives an excellent picture of a certain type of hostess who, "accustomed to the ordinary cross-currents and daily difficulties of society, expected people to talk and to wrangle impersonally. Then some one said a real thing, a wretched real thing, and social intercourse stopped." "From Another Angle" is a book which one reads easily and with pleasure, enjoying the little sketches



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of people and places by the way. It gives a good picture of Italy's entry into the war. But it is not an army book. Its purpose is with the effects of the war on men and women outside the range of the guns.

PILGRIMAGE.

By LORD GORELL. 6s. (Longmans.)

" Oh, but we have played the critic !
With lavish hand apportioned praise and blame "—

is the key-note of Lord Gorell's new volume, " Pilgrimage." Youth and her spirit, that boldly judges all things, is departed, and the best poems of the book are narratives of psychological experience; these are never critical. Since it is a reviewer's insignificant duty to " apportion praise and blame," we suggest that Lord Gorell's poetry would be the better for compression; beauty of sense and brilliance of thought are alike deadened by excess of words. But if weak in technique, here is a man inquisitive as Milton, who must needs question

" every rugged beak and promontory "

in his search for insight into the heart of things. Hannibal, Mary Stuart, the bank clerk, the empire builder, the hero turned coward for a woman's love, all lay bare their souls with a somewhat bewildering profusion.

" I am not sinless: who is there that is,"

says Mary Stuart; Hannibal wonders:

" . . . will there be
War with the Roman even after death,"

and the poet, conceiving the dead hopes of youth as folly, condemns himself with:

" What splendid fools we dreamers are "

in the approved manner of Rupert Brooke. Of writing for " love of lovely words " the book holds little, but something of that great spirit of poetic inquiry that was Milton's and Browning's there undoubtedly is.

THE MAGDALENE, AND OTHER VERSES.

By DOLF WYLLARDE. 3s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Dolf Wyllarde's " The Magdalene, and other Verses " hesitate on the boundary line between verse and its great sister, poetry. The spirit that created this book has been tested in the fire of life, and purged of over-certainty; has discovered that to know is only to be conscious of human insignificance and ignorance. The style of the verse is over-conventional, and rhythms are used that are sad evidence of the old truth that the metres of Kipling are unsuited to mortal kind other than their author. But there are poems in this book that are neither trite nor borrowed. The " Magdalene " has that rare distinction in a narrative poem: that to read it once is to read it without delay again. The Bible version of the story, in its simplicity and dignity, shames all rivals into obscurity; but, apart from this, Dolf Wyllarde's poem is very moving and contains several beautiful stanzas. " St. Anthony " and " Linda," a tale of the Devil's gift of his daughter to God, are both excellent pieces of imaginative narrative; and in a condemnation of socialists there is a vein both of humour and truth.

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From The Pursuit of the Apache (*Appleton*). **GERONIMO: THE APACHE CHIEF.**

See article on "The Novel of the Open Air."

THE SONNETS OF MILTON.

With Introduction and Notes.

By JOHN S. SMART, M.A., D.LITT. 7s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: Maclehose, Jackson.)

It might be thought by a superficial reader of English literature that almost the final work in Miltonic research had been accomplished by now, but the present erudite study by Mr. Smart controverts any such idea, and it even hints that there may still lurk many obscure allusions in Milton awaiting their interpreter. Mr. Smart's work at once commends itself, not alone because of the prolonged research and sound learning patent on every page, but by reason of its attractive method and format. A general introduction, giving a comprehensive account of the history and nature of the sonnet form in England and Italy with reference to the sonneteers of both countries, is followed by a series of compact summaries, analysing the sonnets of Milton by word, phrase, or line. The sections and sub-sections fall into line in well-ordered sequence. The main treatment is exegetical, and in the worthy rôle of interpreter, Mr. Smart takes great pains to make his elucidations as clear as crystal and as revealing as truth itself. A case in point is his sterling examination of Milton's indebtedness to the Petrarchian method, though the poet's independent genius enabled him to place "the English sonnet on a new foundation." The accusations of irregularity, violation of laws, rebellion and literary anarchism, which have been levelled against the prosody of the sonnets by a number of critics, Mr. Smart meets with composure, and in refuting these accusations he shows convincingly that, on the contrary, many of the sonnets are classically regular, and that those in which variations occur were so premeditated and designed for "the attainment of some metrical and poetic purpose." Milton submitted respectfully to the Greek and Latin classics alone, but he refused to be hide-bound by a "legislation of which he had never heard." If one may take exception to anything in this book, it is to the neglected æsthetic view of the sonnets, but perhaps that is beside the mark in a volume that professes research as its primary object. The appendix, consisting of an assemblage of authorities and a citation of documents, will prove invaluable to present and future Miltonic scholars. Mr. Smart is to be complimented as much for his thoroughly cohesive plan as for his clear elucidation of hitherto obscure and vexatious problems.

THE WILD GOOSE.

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. 8s. (Fisher Unwin.)

America is prolific in novels combining vigorous narrative and scenes of real power with curious *naïvetés* of different kinds. Such is "The Wild Goose." It is the assertion of hunters, whether well founded or not the author wisely does not inquire, that a wild gander, if bereaved of his mate, never takes another, but lives solitary into extreme old age. The story is given of their human counterpart—a man whose wife leaves him, and who can find no rest with any other woman. It would be easy to mock at the plot. The lawful husband, the Wild Goose, is good-looking, gifted, clean-lived, and also rich. The lover for whom the wife deserts him is ugly, mediocre, poor, and has a past. The neighbourhood positively bristles with people pining in hopeless love for either the wronged husband or the erring wife and nobly restraining their feelings, including (a disastrous lapse in taste) the erring wife's mother. There is a good deal of rather shallow and sonorous philosophy of sex and an inordinate amount of preaching at the unfortunate woman by everybody. The moral would appear to be, "Husbands, beat your wives—and always have large families." Yet in spite of all these crudities, it is undeniable that the narrative holds the

From Dennison Grant By Robert J. C. Stead (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **COVER DESIGN.**

See article on "The Novel of the Open Air."

attention with almost humiliating closeness and the book is one that it is hard to put down. Also we are spared the conventional happy ending, which is commendable self-restraint in the author. But how he can put such good pages next such bad ones is a perplexing mystery.

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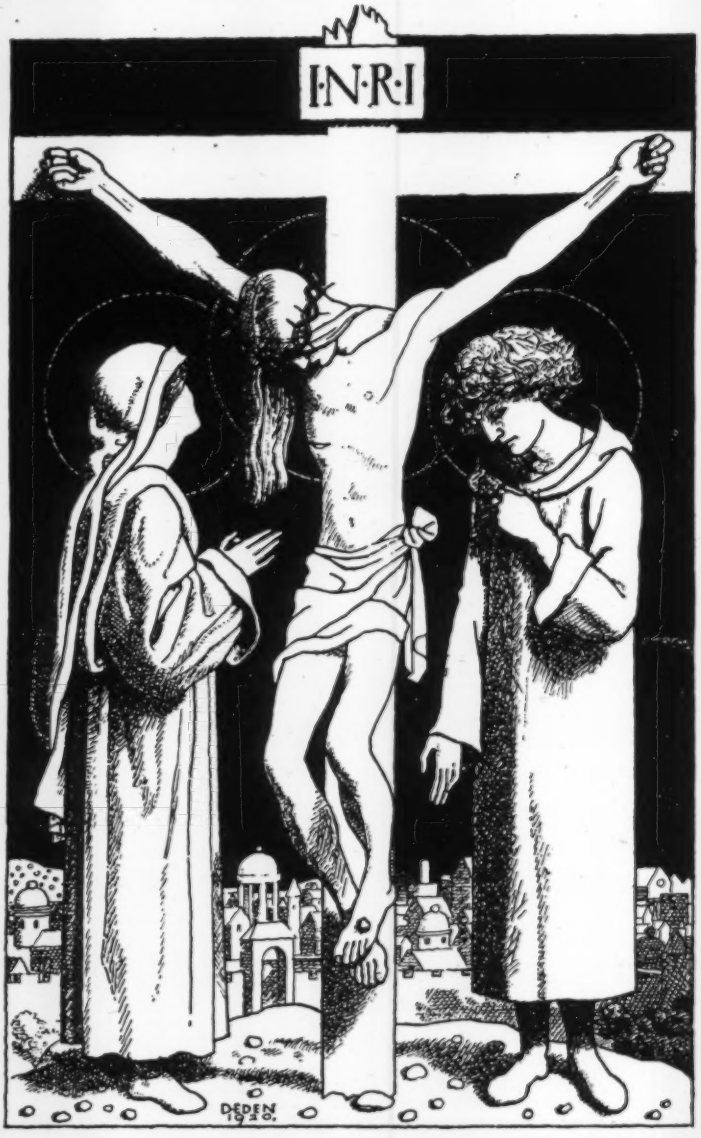
Mrs. Parry Eden has long taught us to expect in her work a rose of fancy and delicate verse grafted on to her father's Celtic wit, and even in this rhymed Christology she cannot refrain from giving us a preface which is a model of Catholic earnestness and piety lightened by variety of touch. In attempting to frame the mysteries of the Redeemer's life and passion in such a form as may appeal afresh to "the young and the simple," she reminds their elders that there is a danger of losing the attention of their pupils if the lesson becomes an imposition. Corman, the monk of Iona, complained to St. Aidan that he had found the Northumbrians deaf to his ministrations. "Was it their stubbornness or your harshness?" came the rebuke; "did you forget to give the milk first and the meat afterwards?" Rhythm, rhyme and alliteration are something more than dull narcotics numbing pain"; they are, Mrs. Eden reminds us, the reinforcement of inspiration, not its camp-followers. "He who aids memory aids one of the three powers of the soul; and he who aids a child's memory of divine things fortifies an outpost of the City of God." It is idle to expect the free and unfettered wings of poetry to stir imagination here, especially in dealing with familiar themes which have tempted and inspired the poet in all lands and ages, but Mrs. Eden reaches a level far higher than the older paraphrases when she writes like this of Simeon's prophecy:

"'O, some there be shall fall,' said he,
'And some there be shall rise;
All for the sake of this thy Son.
For He shall be set till time is done
For a sign the world denies;

"'And the hidden thoughts of a hundred hearts
Shall openly be shown.
But before these things shall come about
And the soul of man know faith and doubt
A sword shall pierce thine own.'"



From A String of Sapphires *(Burns & Oates & Washbourne).* FRONTISPIECE

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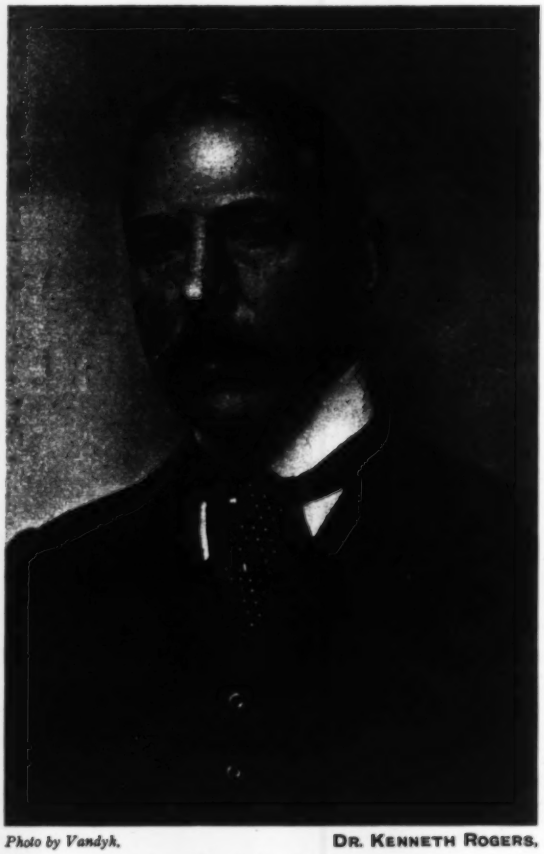

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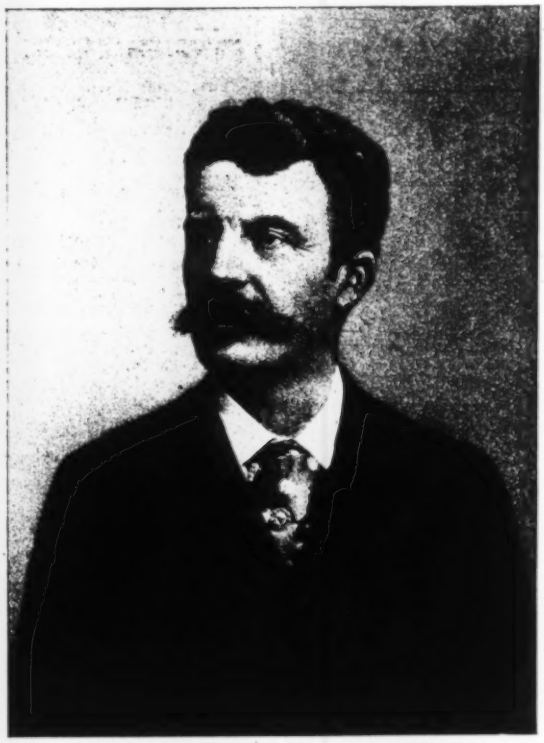

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"You talk of pale primroses,
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But give to me the heather,
The honey-scented heather,
The glowing gipsy heather—
That is the flower for me!"

Most of Miss Thompson's poems trip gaily along to such measures. In "Ocean Malignant," however, she shows that she can strike at times a sterner note; while the tenderly pathetic remembrance of childhood entitled, "You Have Forgotten Our Care," has a deeper emotional appeal, and suggests that the author may have work of more considerable style and quality to give us. Meanwhile, there is a refreshing breeziness about her present volume that should commend it to lovers of the open air.

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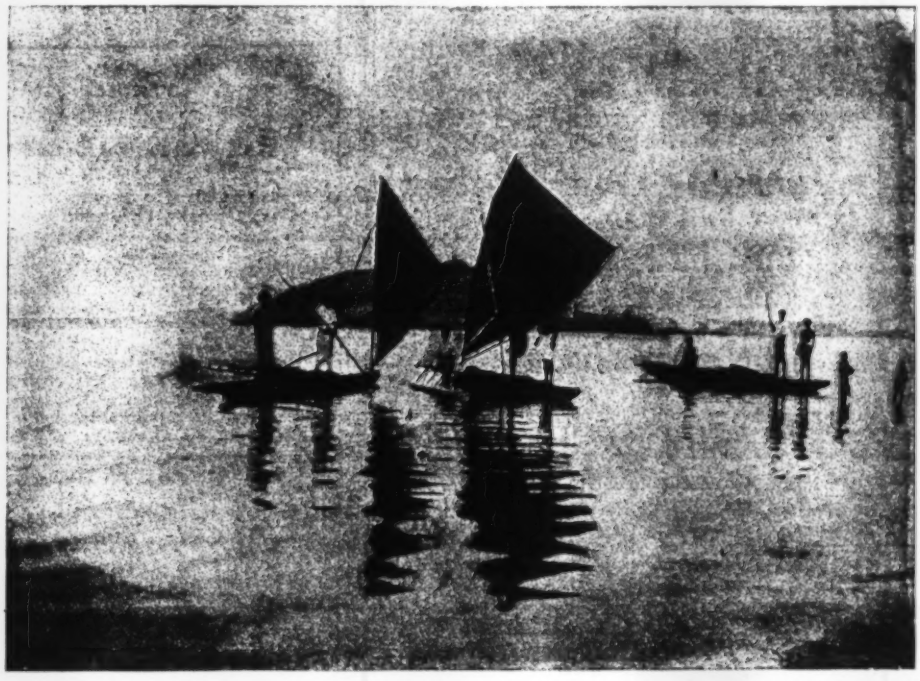

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Freighted with prayers.

"Or like a Chalice silver-white
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